THE SCOURGE.

OCTOBER 1, 1812.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Fifteenth Number has been again reprinted, along with new editions of the preceding numbers, and may be had of all the booksellers.

C. M. W. should have some mercy on the editors with whom he corresponds. Two letters a month on private theatricals from a person who spells magazine (magizine) are too many for our patience.

A letter shall be left with Mr. Jones for our Albany correspondent, before the 12th of the month.

We are extremely desirous of hearing once more from the author of the Empire of the Nairs.

Mr. Ayrton Paris, and his medical work, shall meet with early attention.

A detailed criticism on Crabbe's Tales in Verse, shall appear in our next number: together with the Pulpit and the Hypercritic.

Our memoirs of N. and L. the Albany satirists, and the illegitimate representatives of a noble family, shall be inserted as soon as possible.

To the numerous correspondents who have contributed so materially to the excellence of the present and the preceding numbers, we beg leave to express the most weighty obligations.

THE SCOURGE.

OCTOBER 1, 1812.

FELICITIES OF AUTHORS.

Sir,

Whatever opinion the public may entertain of Mr. D'Israeli's merits as an original writer, it is impossible to read the melancholy details that he has collected and combined with so much research and ingenuity, without some emotions of gratitude for the discovery and arrangement of so many interesting materials for reflection. Within the whole circle of English literature, there is not a publication to be found so well calculated to awaken our curiosity by the singularity of its details, and to excite the interest of the philosopher, and the man of feeling, by the various and original views that it exhibits of the human character. Yet it is a defect inherent to the plan of the work, that it presents us only with the melancholy and unfavourable view of the author's professional career, that it includes among the miseries peculiar to authorship, the misfortunes and infirmities that equally visit the other classes of mankind, and leaves unnoticed the resources in affliction, the embellishments in prosperity, and the luxuries in a state of competence, that soothe the distress, adorn the success, and cheer the daily progress of the literary character. He has forgotten to adduce the numerous instances in which wealth and dignity have crowned the labours of the literary veteran, or to relate how frequently the recourse to literature as a profession, has facilitated the advance of the young aspirant in the

paths of legal and clerical eminence, while its pecuniary rewards enabled him to support the expences of professional education.

Before we lament the fatality by which "professional authors are doomed to an inevitable career of penury and distress," it becomes our duty to inquire how many of the individuals whose misfortunes we deplore, would have obtained either competence or respectability in any other profession. To bring forward the histories of such men as Boyce and Heron, as instances of the uncertainty of literary retribution, is to demand that every individual who chuses to neglect the common concerns of human life, and betake himself to rhyming, or who mistakes the love of learning for the power to delight, should be equally rewarded with the poet and the orator. When we purchase a piece of common manufacture, we do not enquire whether the manufacturer is fond of his business, but whether his workmanship be good. Industry is no doubt a laudable quality, but the unenlightened drudge, who labours from day to day to add page to page, and estimates the value of his own labours by their quantity, ought not to expect the rewards that may justly be granted to the man of genius. Mr. Heron was no doubt a very industrious man, and might have been a useful assistant in the arts of abridgment and translation; but no one who has had occasion to toil through his prolix and inelegant compilations, will be of opinion that he deserved any higher remuneration than an attorney's clerk, or a classical usher at a grammar school. But the literary drudge, who is on a level of talent and acquisition with either of these characters, would disdain to regulate his habits by similar rules of prudence and economy. Every petty compiler, and every manufacturer of an index, must set up for a gentleman: and for the last fifty years, the habits and necessities of that character, as it is understood by the pretenders to its attainment, have demanded more inexhaustible resources for their support than the stipend of a literary hackney.

When vice and extravagance are superadded to imbecility of mind, it would indeed be wonderful if the individual assuming the title of a literary character, obtained either the advantages of a decent reputation, or an income adequate to the necessities of life. Yet it is with characters whose habits were as profligate as their talents were moderate, that the race of declaimers, on the blindness and cruelty of the public, most warmly sympathize. Boyce was a simple rhymster, addicted to gluttony and extravagance. He would pawn his shirt for a dish of stewed eels, and has been known when ragged and hungry, to expend the half-guinea that he had borrowed of a friend in purchasing some curious sauce, without which, even famished as he was, a solid dinner would have been too homely for his palate. Kit Smart was nothing more than a decent versifier; his fellowship was sequestrated to pay the bills that he had contracted in giving extravagant dinners to the jolly fellows of the University; and yet his surviving friends were bold enough to complain that he did not obtain from his labours in a new profession, for which he was not peculiarly qualified, that wealth and those distinctions which he had not the prudence to acquire, or to retain, when they were in the immediate sphere of his clerical exertion.

Nor is it less unreasonable to adduce the misfortunes of idle or dissipated characters, even when their vices are accompanied by distinguished talent, as conclusive respecting the disadvantages attending the literary profession. In whatever profession Chatterton had laboured, he would have been equally the slave of his passions, and the victim of his own deceit. Who would have employed Savage as a lawyer, or listened to the moral lectures of a Dermody? and what right has the profligate whose idleness and drunkenness preclude his advancement in the other departments of professional exertion, to suppose that they shall be honoured or rewarded in the paths of literature? It is not the pursuit of letters that depraves the morals, or vitiates the habits; the members of the

fraternity of literature, who disgrace the profession by their vices and their follies, are usually the outcasts of other professions; the refuse of the church, the bar, and the surgery, who brought their vices along with them, and would have been distinguished for their depravity, had they never aspired to the honors of poetry and eloquence. The dissipated man of genius has usually run his course of vice and extravagance before he attempts to obtain subsistence by his pen; and his success is usually equal to that which would have attended his hasty and unpremeditated entrance on any other description of professional exertion.

The luminaries of literature, those who have extended the regions of science, or contributed to refine the manners, improve the morals, and exalt the reputation of their country, have united to their literary talents, the most splendid virtues, and the most persevering application; and the combination of those qualities have been rewarded by the homage of mankind, and by a liberal share of the advantages of fortune. Infirm and deformed in his person, unaided by any unusual powers of colloquial entertainment, and with many unpleasing peculiarities of taste and temper; the talents, the labour, and the economy of Pope, were rewarded by the respect and the caresses of an extensive circle of noble and literary friends, and by the acquisition of a fortune which surpassed his hopes, and was more than adequate to his wants. Johnson, unfitted alike by education and by his personal infirmities, to struggle with success in the active intercourse of life, obtained by desultory labour, and by the patronage that attached itself to his success, an income more than sufficient for the conveniences of life, and a distinction among the enlightened orders of society, that even with all the splendour of his colloquial talents, he might vainly have pursued in any other profession. The present Lord Erskine, when a student at law, deserted by his friends, and reduced to the last extremity of pecuniary distress, was enabled by literary exertion to retrieve his

finances, and to sustain the expences of his legal education. It ought surely to be considered, in estimating the value of literature as a profession, that every other profession requires not only the preliminary studies that are necessary to the poet and the orator, but acquisitions peculiar to itself. It may be presumed that Pope, when he wrote his Essay on Man, and Burke, when he composed his dissertation on the Sublime and Beautiful, possessed a more ample share of general knowledge than Lord Erskine when he first began the study of the law. There are no fees to be paid, no folios to be examined, no tactics to be practised, before the poet or the essayist claims the rewards and the honours of his exertion. The school-boy may obtain the emoluments and the glories of literary fame, and may bear away the wealth and the reverence of Paternoster-row, while the embryo divine or philosopher is condemned to devote his youthful hours to the tedious productions of Chillingworth and Littleton. The ultimate pre-eminence of a successful candidate for legal or clerical wealth and dignity, over the successful author, must be balanced against the chances of success, and against the advantages obtained at an early period of life. The annuitant who receives forty pounds a year from the date of his maturity, has no reason to complain, if his friend or his brother, who has past his youth and his manhood in laborious poverty, should attain in old age an estate equivalent to his former privations.

But I have already trespassed too far upon your limits, and shall only suggest to your readers an enquiry, in which I may possibly expatiate at a future period; whether the pleasures and the enjoyments peculiar to the literary profession, be not, both in number and degree, a sufficient compensation even for all the privations of indigence, and all the miseries of vicissitude. That literature is a source of considerable enjoyment even to the wealthy and the great, is testified by the attachment to its pursuit of the wealthy and the eminent; but it may not be difficult to prove, that those who persevere in the paths

of learning and of letters, from the pressure of necessity, are susceptible of pleasures, and rewarded by gratifications that are beyond the reach, or above the comprehension of those more active individuals, who attain the honours, and fulfil the duties of the church, the senate, and the bar.

CURTIUS.

A TURKISH TALE.

TO MY FRIEND MISS ——.

CANTO IV.

THE sun far sunk behind the hills,
Thick darkness all the forest fills,
Save where the lightning's frequent glare,
Emblazes in th' affrighted air;
Spectres are seen and visions strange,
All nature's face begins to change,
Lions and wolves so tame before,
Now prowl voracious after gore,
The tempest howls with furious blast,
And all creation stands aghast.
Astonished Eve the tempest hears,
She fears, yet knows not what she fears,
On Adam calls with streaming eyes,
The tempest drowns her piercing cries,
She strives to seek him on the plain,
The dangers force her back again;
" My soul," she cries, " Where art thou gone?
" Why hast thou left me thus alone?
" Thy Eve in solitude forlorn,
" Pants comfortless for thy return,
" This morn when with ill-boding heart,
" From thee unwilling to depart,
" On thy dear bosom I reclin'd,
" And spoke the terrors of my mind;

" Doubting thou would'st then believe,
" Else had'st thou blest thy Bower and Eve,
" Ah! were unfeeling Vixen here,
" But she ungrateful comes not near,
" I'd send her in the fields to roam,
" To bring my life, my Adam, home;
" Surprised by darkness in the grove,
" Perhaps he cannot reach his love,
" Or should the horrors of the night,
" Now keep my husband from my sight,
" Unable here to find his way,
" Perhaps he'll to the desart stray."
Eve thus in anxious transports tost,
Laments her dearest Adam lost;
Little she knows what guilty charms,
Detain him from her longing arms,
Her bosom no suspicions fill,
That guileless bosom knows no ill;
Pure and immaculate it vies
With kindred angels in the skies;
Yet virtue cannot soothe her grief,
For ah! from love what yields relief?
She finds no respite from her woes,
Nor seeks to lull them in repose,
In anguish thus she past the night,
Impatient for returning light.

Of sin the dire enchantment broke,
Soon Adam from his dream awoke;
His mind now fill'd with deep dismay,
His guilt appear'd in open day,
Confusion, horror, grief, despair,
And all the sable train of care,
O'erwhelming like a torrent flow
And sink him in th' abyss of woe:
Convicted now he calls for death,
Glad to resign his forfeit breath,
Or by new wrath and passions bent,
On Vixen thinks that wrath to vent;
" *Thou minister,*" he cries, " of sin,
" From thee my miseries begin,
" Thou profligate most black and vile,
" Whose treachery and lustful wile,

"In Duty's humble garb array'd,
"My peaceful innocence betray'd,
"Shou'd I just punishment bestow,
"I'd dash thee on this rock below;
"But since from heaven is veng'ance due,
"It's curse shall all thy steps pursue,
"Nought can for crimes like thine atone,
"Hence to remotest lands begone,
"Thy guilt in distant desarts hide,
"He said, and turn'd from her aside."

He knows not now his virtue fled,
Where to conceal his conscious head;
To see his injur'd Eve he fears,
Thus Vice to Innocence appears;
Yet hopes he shall forgiveness find
From her so tender and so kind,
But ah! how shall he trembling stand,
Before his Maker? whose command,
By folly and temptation sway'd
Unwatchful he had disobey'd,
Adam thus pensive as he went,
His ling'ring steps now homeward bent.

Early as light adorn'd the plain,
Eve sought some eminence to gain;
Whence round she cast her watchful eye,
In hopes her Adam to espy,
At length across a distant field,
Him slow advancing she beheld;
Borne on the wings of love she flies,
Till less'ning strength her breath denies:
Adam beheld her as she came,
His face o'erspread with red'ning shame,
He stopp'd—his eyes fix'd on the ground,
Its vent in tears his anguish found;
"A hapless wretch," he cries, "you see,
"Unworthy life, unworthy thee,
"Who sinn'd, but 'twas no fault of mine,
"I err'd, but sinn'd not thro' design;
"Fatigu'd with toil, o'ercome with heat,
"I wish'd to gain some cool retreat,

" And parch'd with thirst's uncommon rage,
" That thirst I wanted to assuage,
" Vixen by chance came in my view,
" Perhaps she might have come from you;
" I sought for *water, herb, or root*,
" She brought disguised the sacred fruit,
" Which I, betray'd by her deceit,
" Thoughtless and unsuspecting eat.

" Ah! what avails it to impart
" The agonies that rend my heart,
" Betwixt us now what distance lies,
" Immortal thou, whilst Adam dies."
Thus Adam half his guilt reveal'd,
Sorrow and shame the rest conceal'd.

With tears fast flowing down her cheek,
Whilst sobbing grief forbids to speak,
Silent upon his neck she hung,
Her snowy arms around him flung;
At length she rais'd her drooping head,
And thus in tend'rest accents said:

" What comfort, Adam, can be left
" For mournful Eve of thee bereft?
" What can for her in life remain?
" But an eternity of pain;
" If one night in such transport tost,
" How shall I mourn thee ever lost;
" Ah! no, nor Death shall us divide,
" I'll share the sentence by thy side,
" Together to the world we came,
" Together liv'd, our end the same."
To taste the fruit her purpose bent,
He wish'd that purpose to prevent,
Admiring such unbounded love,
To save such excellence he strove;
In vain---her steps the paths pursue
To where the sacred clusters grew;
Seraphs gave place as she came near,
And dropt a sympathizing tear,
She ate for Adam's sake alone,
And guilt adopted not her own.

Canto V.

The fatal moment now was come,
And earthly race consign'd to doom,
Of angels and of men the sire,
Descended like a flame of fire,
So bright the effulgence was of light,
No human eye could bear the sight.

The prostrate pair before their Lord
In silence trembled, and ador'd,
The fatal sentence was pronounc'd,
And veng'ance thus on man denounc'd,
Mortals who lately were so blest,
Unworthy joys ye once possess'd,
Could ye not spare the sacred tree?
Forbidden by my first decree,
By sin to condemnation brought:
Be death and mis'ry now your lot,
Alike to both is vengeance due,
The tempter and the tempted too,
In Eden's groves no longer stay,
To other lands pursue your way.

He spake and vanished; from above
Loud thunders shook the nodding grove;
The pair repentant, ah! too late
Deplore their lost, their wretched fate;
Then arm in arm they took their road,
And weeping left the blest abode.

O Muse! who with thy genial ray,
Inspir'st thy fervent votary's lay,
Supported by whose aid, his song,
Soars far above the vulgar throng,
Propitious for awhile attend,
And help him gently to descend,
Lest while on timid, trembling wings,
His voice should falter as he sings,
Teach him with no unpleasing art,
To mix the gay and moral part,
And with success his wish is crown'd
If favor for th' attempt be found.

Excluded from the blissful seat,
Thro' nightly damps and daily heat,
O'er many a hill and brook the pair,
Far journ'ying mutual dangers share;
Westward from where the garden lay,
In solitude they took their way,
Thro' regions waste and then unnam'd,
But high in later story fam'd;
At length they found a fertile plain,
Where glad a place of rest to gain,
They fix their home and till the ground,
And people thence the nations round,
Their progeny a lovelya ce,
The virtues of their mother grace:
Not to my theme the sons belong,
The daughters only claim my song,
Their form celestial, and their minds,
From folly and from vice refin'd;
Tender in love, in friendship true,
They give unenvied worth its due,
They follow, undisguis'd by art,
The native dictates of the heart,
Excell in ev'ry state of life,
The mother, daughter, or the wife,
And such extatic bliss convey,
They win our very souls away.

Far diff'rent Vixen, curs'd of God,
She wander'd to the land of Nod,
Where after many dangers o'er,
A daughter pledge of sin she bore,
Espous'd at age mature to Cain,
An exile for his brother slain,
From their detested nuptials came
An offspring of mankind the shame,
Whom ev'ry hateful passion sways,
Whose souls are warp'd a thousand ways,
Deceitful and designing too,
They never act without a view,
They promise with a flatt'ring smile,
Yet sure who trust them to beguile,

Faults ever ready to detect,
For bad themselves, they all suspect;
The poor can ne'er partake their store,
Tho' rich they still must covet more;
The least offence tho' undesign'd,
From them can ne'er forgiveness find;
Prone to relate a hurtful tale,
And pleas'd at absent worth to rail;
Successful, insolent, and vain,
They treat e'en equals with disdain,
But should misfortune's cloud be seen,
They're abject, servile, base, and mean,
In affectation's mock disguise,
Some think their mimic merit lies,
These fancy lends a thousand charms,
To bring some lover to their arms,
They patch, they paint, they dance, they play,
And trifle time and youth away;
From whimsy, faults, or beauties spy,
And hate, or love, they know not why;
From Nature's paths these wander far,
Seem ev'ry thing but what they are:
In such their feelings are so small,
You'd think they had no hearts at all,
And center'd in themselves alone,
They see all errors but their own.
But wide and hateful is the task,
Each vice and folly to unmask.

From these two diff'rent sources flow,
The diff'rent tempers here below;
The bad derive their kindred blood,
From Vixen; and from Eve the good.
As from beneath some shaggy hill,
Two springs of various kinds distil:
The one a healthy limpid stream,
Th' other dark of poisonous steam,
While oft meandring thro' the plain,
They join, and disunite again,
And as in pool, or lake they meet,
The water's nauseous or sweet,

Refreshes, or the health assails,
As one, or t'other's force prevails,
So streaming thro' life's purple tide,
Virtue and Vice the sex divide.

DEATH OF BONAPARTE.

Sir,

That the death of Bonaparte would be the forerunner of European happiness, and the occasion of immediate relief to the English people, is a persuasion that has long been entertained by the multitude, and has been supported by the arguments of the popular journalists. It is asserted that the fabric of Gallic power, as it has been established, and is now supported by his genius, will moulder into dust at the first approach of its ambitiouassailants, when unprotected by that formidable arm on which it rested for political security. By one description of reasoners we are told that the crown will quietly descend to the children and posterity of Bonaparte; that Austria, allied by marriage to the newly-created dynasty, will look on with quiescent complacency, while the empire devolves to its hereditary owner; that the other states of Europe, taking advantage of the comparative imbecility of the new government, will revive the balance of power, and content with the secure enjoyment of moderate possessions, will acquiesce in the retreat of France within her ancient boundary; and the court of St. Cloud itself, aware of its incapacity to prosecute the designs of the departed emperor, with a probability of success, will readily concede to any arrangement that may conduce to the establishment of tranquillity between France and England. By another party we are told that after the death of Bonaparte, the empire will, in all probability, be divided among his generals; that engaged in continual warfare among themselves, they must be

incapable of any vigorous effort against England and her allies, and that while they are wasting the resources, and dividing the power, of France, in mutual hostilities, the subjugated states of Europe may recover their independence, and in conjunction with their insular ally, prepare the way for a long and honorable peace, by a rapid succession of easy victories. Now admitting, in the former case, the probability that the King of Rome will attain the age of manhood, that the regency to which the care of his youth may possibly be committed, fulfils its duty, and that the young Napoleon display the virtues of a good, or the imbecility of an inoffensive monarch; or supposing in the latter case, that a Suchet or a Bernadotte would be unwilling or unable to complete those plans of universal conquest laid down by their predecessor, it would appear that there are many and serious obstacles to the restoration of tranquillity, or the security of European independence, even presupposing the occurrence of the most favorable contingencies, and the predisposition of the rulers of France to confine themselves within the bounds of her ancient territory.

The expectation of continued peace between France and Austria can only be founded on the strength of the nuptial alliance between Napoleon and Maria Louisa. How weak an influence such connections secure over the views and councils of monarchs, the evidence of history, ancient and modern, conspires to attest. The acquisition of a single province has, more than once, overcome the bias of paternal affection, and effaced from the remembrance of the king the duties and the feelings of the father. The rank of queen dowager would scarcely compensate, in the opinion of Maria Louisa herself or of her father's, for the restoration of the Austrian empire to its pristine splendor. Neither the second emperor of the Napoleon dynasty, nor his guardians, will feel restrained by any feelings of family attachment, from resisting the first efforts of Francis to circumscribe the limits of the French dominion, or to restore the more dependent powers of Europe

to their original integrity. Were it possible, however, that Austria should succeed in obtaining from France the cession of those territories that have been wrested from her by the chances of war, the jealousy of Prussia, and of those minor powers who have sunk below their natural level in the scale of empire, would be excited into action. The true interests of Austria would lead her to comply with their demands, and to assist them in the acquisition of so much territory as might secure them against her own rapacity or ambition: but moderation is not the virtue of successful princes, and instead of enabling Prussia to recover her Polish provinces, she would probably coalesce with Russia, and endeavour by a second partition to extend her sway, and augment her revenues, by the violation of every principle of policy and justice. But admitting that she should support Prussia in her claims, a contest with Russia would be the necessary result. The latter power restored, according to the hypothesis of the reasoners whom we are attempting to refute, to her integrity, would resist even the slightest indication of encroachment on her Polish frontiers; and in preventing Prussia from extending her sway in that direction, so as to preserve an ascendancy in the councils of Europe, would involve herself in hostilities with Austria and Prussia.

Admitting the more probable supposition that from the influence of family connection, the integrity of Austria was secured, and her empire restored to its original extent, while Poland and Prussia were wrested from Alexander, and added to the French empire; what hope would remain of safety to England, or of liberation to the continent? It would be the manifest interest of Austria to enjoy her good fortune in tranquillity. The continental system would be rigidly enforced from the Loire to the Dwyna, and every facility of annoyance, if not of invasion, be afforded to an enemy whom no plans of continental warfare remained to distract, impoverish, and enfeeble.

But it may be said, the rulers of the French, possessing neither the absolute authority, nor the military talents of their great precursor, will be unable to direct so mighty a machine, or to retain the nations whom Bonaparte has reduced to their subjection in their dependence on France. In this case, indeed, we may ourselves have reason to rejoice at the introduction of our manufactures into the foreign markets, but the tranquillity of the continent will be more distant than at present. If the struggles of Prussia, Poland, and Italy for emancipation from the tyranny of France be ultimately successful; it is to be feared that they will not be guided by moderation towards their original enemy, or by generous and liberal views of policy towards each other: that having succeeded in expelling the enemy from their own territories, their cupidity may be excited, or their self-confidence inflamed into a second coalition: that if victorious, they will quarrel for the spoil, and that if unsuccessful, they may become the slaves of Austrian or of Russian despotism.

The same jealousies, and the same opposition of interests, would arise were a Bernadotte or a Soult to wrest the empire from the family of Napoleon, and obtain the compulsory obedience, or the voluntary subservience of his military rivals. The armies of France are too numerous, and too warlike, and too much accustomed to military depredation, to submit without resistance to the deprivation of their usual enjoyments, or to the diminution of their pay. Yet the latter measure will be necessary to any government inclined to adopt a pacific system of policy. The people of France are tired of their burdens, the son of Napoleon can only retain his dignity by alleviating the pressure of their taxes, and diminishing the power of the collectors of the revenues. But the army cannot be disbanded, and while it is stationed at home the treasury must be burthened with expences, of a different nature, indeed, from those which are contracted in the prosecution of active warfare, but not less oppressive in their amount, and less cheerfully supplied, by a people

who are only generous when they are awakened to enthusiasm, and who would rather pay to be amused by an occasional bulletin, than for all the solid and rational enjoyments of life. To keep the armies at a distance from home, when they can obtain their subsistence by plunder, and where the fruits of their rapacity compensates for the deficiencies and irregularities of their stipulated pay, is the obvious and paramount interest of their rulers. They may be defeated, indeed, for want of a superior genius to direct their collective operations, part of them may be destroyed, or divided from their fellows, or seduced into the service of the most formidable adversaries of their country: and France, by the aid of her own mercenaries, may be circumscribed once more within her ancient boundary, but before this consummation shall arrive, many years must elapse of turbulence and misery, and after it is accomplished, the ambition or the folly of one of the successful parties; the violence of an upstart general, or the weakness of an intoxicated prince, may project another crusade in favour of the *Bourbons*: a march to Paris may once more be the object of a continental coalition, and whether France arise once more victorious from the struggle, or in the lapse of years she becomes the ally of England against the overweening power of Austria or Russia, the happiness of the world, and the prosperity of England, will be the melancholy sacrifice.

P.

A TOUR TO R.

Sir,

The summer excursion of an exalted personage has already excited considerable speculation among the higher orders of society, and will no doubt in a month or two become the theme of newspaper celebration. At a time when the pedestrian tours of country curates, the

visits of booksellers and cheesemongers to Brighton or Margate, and the travelling sketches of panoramic adventurers are read with interest, and purchased with avidity; it surely may be expected that the travels of an illustrious personage and his favourite, will become, through the medium of the Reverend Stannier Clarke, or some other attendant on his person of equal virtue and equal talent, the source of amusement to the public, and of speculation to the critic. The observations of his Royal Highness on men and manners, his remarks on the cultivation of whiskers, and the arrangement of a shoulder-knot, his critical opinions on the relative flavor of Tokay and Curacoa, his dissertations on aged beauty, and his discrimination between the honest indecency of S. and the timid obscenity of Y———, would afford the materials of a journal more entertaining and instructive than the Itinerary of Drunken Barnaby, or the memoranda of a Mawman, or an Ashmore. Princes are the arbiters of fashion, and from the tender confabulations between the R——— and his fair companion, an amorous vocabulary might be formed, not less adapted to the drawing-room and the bedchamber than the dialogues recorded by Mother Midnight, or the collection of phrases in Harris's Directory. But above all, since Lady H. aspires to the reputation of a wit, and her volubility is only equalled by the confidence of her guide and protector, what copious materials for a secret history might not be collected by a Bidlake or a Wilson, for the use of some future Colburn, and the edification of the statesmen and courtezans of a future century?

Should not the important task of recording the conversation, and detailing the progress of his Royal Highness be undertaken by some abler hand, you may expect from your present correspondent, a succinct and authentic journal of his tour. In the mean time, I have the satisfaction of assuring you that the appearance and order of the procession have awakened the poetical enthusiasm of more than one aspiring genius, and that the journey to R. will shortly be celebrated in all the varieties of verse.

The disciples of Scott, and Southey, and Byron, have mounted on their respective Pegasi, and are actually galloping towards the wished-for goal, with all the rapidity that might be expected from rivals condemned by fate to conquer or to starve. The admirer of Byron, accustomed, like his master, to describe the follies and the vices of grown-up children, promises to gain the sweepstakes by distancing his competitors; but as even his rapidity may not keep pace with your wishes, I shall endeavour to favour you with a glimpse of his poetical exercises.

The description of their amorous dalliance in the carriage is peculiarly expressive.

Oh ! heaven, it is a goodly sight to see
These sister pledges of fair womanhood,
Expanding now, now sinking from the *ee*,
While to her flushed cheeks, the pure life-blood
Responsive rushed, as she to dalliance wooed
The princely *Childe*: he by her charms was moved,
And sinking on her breast his vows renewed,
Whispered how much, how fervently he loved,
And all her female doubts and fears removed.

The mention of " the pure life-blood," however, that the poet supposes to have flushed her cheeks, is rather inconsistent with the allusion to carmine in another stanza of the poem; but in a long work the flatterer may be expected to be sometimes inconsistent with the poet. After some allusions to her " *blest maturity of age*," he proceeds to a simile as correct as it is beautiful.

Like some cracked flute, by school-boy thrown aside,
Its melody and all its notes forgot;
No more its sound awakes the welkin wide,
Nor serenades at eve the rambling sot;
But by some aged varlet, found, *God wot*,
Its cracks repair'd with paint and varnish bright,
Again it cheers the alehouse or the cot,
Again delights the ear, and charms the sight,
And plays the Plenipo, or the Fandango light.

After describing her tresses,he proceeds in a matchless strain of invocation.

So shone the fair—immortal *Prince*, good heaven,
'Tis not the Regent whom my muse addresses,
Oh! Alexander Prince of *number seven*
John-street—what charms thy *Russian oil* possesses!
Without thy aid what lovely female dresses?
How could the curls of H—— wig delight,
Without thy oil to cheer the moistened tresses?
Great Mochchrifuskian hero! courteous knight;
From thee, *A. Prince*, she learn'd to please *the Prince's* sight.

Oft have I thought in philosophic mood,
How blest the state, had fortune condescended,
To place *A. Prince* at court, while *the Prince* stood
Within the shop, and combs and razors vended;
His skill in whiskers then might have befriended
The Countess and the Baron's competition;
The art he now admires he had extended,
And *German legions*, under his tuition,
Had blest their barber's care, inflamed with high ambition.

Then had thy wit, oh! *Prince* of advertisers,
Surprized each dainty page and virgin pale,
As much as now it puzzles all surmises
To guess where thou hast learned thy well-told tale;
Those honied words that now perforce prevail
O'er unfledged misses and unbearded men,
Had warmed the bosom of each matron frail:
No need, I ween, of Mac or Sherry's pen
To tell what thou hast done, or what thou'dst do again.

Then had thy genius changed the tuneful song,
From Russia's genuine oil to Curacoa;
Thy strains had rivalled those of good Kien Long,
And warmly breathed *Platonic* passions glow;

Smooth as a hone, thy lines mellifluous flow,
Had mocked the Baron's skill, Anacreon's toil,
And many an ode to H——'s furbelow,
Had caused thy Ch—— with rage to boil;
"Alas, that jealousy should breed such strange turmoil!"

But hold, my muse, it not to thee belongs
To tempt of law the dreadful visitation,
And therefore cease t' unveil a husband's wrongs,
And wisely turn from dangerous speculation;
A nobler theme excites thy emulation;
For ——'s cheeks with varied beauty glow;
Here shines in living hue the pure carnation,
There spreads the radiance of the driven snow,
That by Du Cange prepared, this from her friend Le Paux.

But here I must reluctantly break off: the rest you shall have before the tour is compleated. J. K.

THE POLITICAL OBSERVER, No. XII.

The history of Napoleon's progress in Russia has proved too incontestably that he knows how to appreciate the character of the British ministry, and to calculate the unaided resources of the only continental powers from whom he might expect any diversion in favor of his enemy. Two months have now elapsed since the passage of the Dwina, the Emperor of France is at the gates of Moscow, the Russian court has fled for temporary refuge to the extremity of their dominions, and the time is probably at hand when Alexander, intimidated by the successes of the invader, and betrayed by his parasites and his concubines, will obtain a respite from misfortune by a disgraceful peace. Yet now that the contest is nearly decided, and every diversion on the part of ourselves and our allies must be worse than useless, the mi-

nisters who had remained in silent apathy, when alone their exertions might have assisted the common cause, become at once the most bustling and most determined of statesmen; troops are ordered for foreign service, the commissioners of the transport board sacrifice their dinners to their duty; and every department of government presents one melancholy scene of tardy and profitless activity. Whether the new expedition be intended to co-operate with that of Sweden in the Baltic, or on the coasts of Prussia, it is evident that before their arrival the contest will have been decided, and that in the one case we shall have to return as we came, and in the other we shall, on the most favourable supposition, retain possession of "dear little Hanover," for a week or two, and then be compelled to evacuate our conquest by those very troops whose progress it was our purpose to impede by a powerful diversion. When it is considered indeed how many millions of English treasure have been expended on this paltry corner of the Germanic empire, how many battles have been fought, and how many sacrifices have been made for its retention, and with what eagerness every ministerial parasite will endeavour to make court to his sovereign by flattering the known prepossessions of the Brunswick family in favor of their hereditary dominions, it is impossible to contemplate without alarm the bare possibility of its recovery without solicitude. Its loss was a real and important gain to the people of England, and if the expedition be really intended for the conquest of Hanover, the most ardent loyalist will feel something more than indifference towards its success. As a diversion the expedition is too late, and as an armament intended to accomplish a specific and independent purpose, it must necessarily (and fortunately) fail. Before our troops have marched twenty miles into the interior, they would be opposed by a force ten times as numerous as their own. The Prussians and Hanoverians might feel disposed indeed to shake off the yoke to which they are now subjected, but it will be too late to indulge their wishes

when his subservient myriads returned from their career of victory against Russia, restrain their actions, and repress the expression of their sentiments by the terrors of a military police. If they bowed with submission to the tyrant of Europe, while his empire was ostensibly bounded by the Vistula, with what feelings will they regard the conqueror of Russia?

The expedience of immediate exertion, or the necessity of redeeming our original error, by a vigorous and decided diversion on the Peninsula, would have been evident to any administration, but that committee of drivellers to which the direction of our affairs has been committed. From men whom adversity urges to desperation, instead of impressing them with a consciousness of their own deficiencies; who mistake the obstinacy of ignorant perverseness for the independence of a manly spirit; and while they are the laughing stock of the vulgar, and the scorn of the intelligent, repeat with self-complacency the eulogy of Horace on the upright and inflexible patriot, steady to his purpose: what can be expected but the old routine of petty expeditions, directed to a number of unimportant objects, while the concentration of our force might have effected the salvation of Europe; of armaments preparing for equipment while the contest is deciding in which they were intended to take a part; of fortresses taken that they may be abandoned, and provinces subdued that we may read in the Gazette with how much order and regularity they were evacuated. By dividing our exertions between Spain and the north of Europe, we shall do nothing at either of these points; by sending the whole of our disposable force to the Peninsula, we may even now enable Lord Wellington to effect a powerful diversion in favor of the Russians; the very intimation of our intention to reinforce him, would enable him to commence some important operation a month sooner than any expedition could approach the shores of Prussia. The exploits that he has already performed have drawn from France a considerable body of troops, under one of Napoleon's ablest

generals, and it is not improbable that the accession of thirty thousand men would enable him to obtain the passes of the Pyrenees, and to make a demonstration on the borders of France.

We took occasion to observe in a former part of our work, that supposing the plan of operations pursued by Russia, to have been adopted without any expectation of assistance from the other powers of the Continent, the continued abandonment of her finest provinces, and of extensive magazines, to the possession and disposal of the enemy, was a decisive proof of Napoleon's superiority in skill and numbers. To construct intrenchments that they might be abandoned on the approach of the invader, and to store his magazines with weapons and provisions for the use of his pursuer, we naturally concluded to be, on the part of Alexander, acts of necessity rather than of choice. It has since been stated, however, on authority which we are inclined to respect, that the war was commenced on the part of Russia, with a confident assurance that the Prussians, the Austrians, and the Swedes, would take advantage of Bonaparte's advance into the Polish territory, to create a diversion in favor of the Russians in his rear; and that so long back as September, 1811, the plan of operations had been agreed upon between the court of England and the powers of the continent. If this statement be correct, the conduct of Russia admits of an easy explanation. She formed an almost impregnable camp on the Drissa, at which she had intended to make her first and most determined stand, and which might occupy the whole of her enemy's troops and resources, while the operations of her expected allies in his rear, should endanger his safety, and either force him to retreat, or so distract his views and divide his forces, as to enable the Russians to act on the offensive. Having been disappointed of the promised co-operation on the part of the continental powers, and feeling the imprudence of resting the fate of the contest on a single battle, against equal or superior numbers, he found it ne-

cessary to retreat to a considerable distance beyond those limits which he had originally marked out as the termination of his retrogade movements. In the prosecution of his designs he has displayed a patience, a fortitude, and a forbearance, from which the most favourable results may be expected; he has fought no vain battles; the successes of the French have been obtained, even by their own account, at a considerable expence of lives, and after the most obstinate contests; the advanced corps alone of the Russians have been engaged, and the great mass of their armies, as well as the most important of their resources, are either undiminished or inaccessible. Under such circumstances our only fear is in the facility of Alexander's temper. We are afraid that he is easily persuaded by his favourites, and easily intimidated by his enemies. The possession of Moscow will be a severe trial for himself and his courtiers, and it yet remains to be decided whether the sovereign, or the nobles, have so much comprehension of mind as to distinguish between the capture of a town, and the conquest of an empire.

A public writer, whose labours are committed to the world beneath the auspices of Lord Wellesley, and whose views are supposed to be assisted by official and confidential documents, asserts that the apathy of the Swedes, and the inactivity of Austria, are avowedly owing to the retention in office of men in whose talents for foreign warfare the powers of the continent can place no confidence; and he then proceeds to make the following extraordinary statement: "Earnest, loyal, and devoted in his resistance to France, the Emperor Alexander, in the autumn of last year, made a demand from the British court, which he pressed with the eagerness of a man disdaining all compromise, abiding all extremities, resolute to save and fortify his empire by a display of high-minded confidence, sagacious, original, and complete. What then was his demand? What was Luborouski's mission? Was it for fleets, or subsidies, or armies, or was it not for that which no subsidy can purchase, with-

out which fleets and armies are but the drapery of war? Russia asked only for a *leader*. History and observation, too serious counsellors for an English court, have some little weight with these barbarians of the north! From forty millions of Russian subjects, not one could be safely selected. From sixteen millions, inhabiting the British islands, one alone was worthy of Alexander's choice. No Liverpool, nor Castlereagh, nor Bathurst, nor Melville, no Eldon, nor Yarmouth, was thought of by him who had himself half a world at issue. Alexander has real virtues in his character, he therefore deems flatterers of little price. His direct intentions would only be embarrassed by an intriguer. Of arrogance, ignorance, indecision, servility, and pretension, the autocrat of Russia has seen enough to hate, despise, and dread them. Nor was his preference bestowed on parliamentary orators, all powerful in speech as they are impotent in action. No! he left that noisy tribe to those who like advocates better than advisers. Neither lead nor brass was in contemplation of Alexander; tried steel was to him the precious metal. He looked to the governor who had recovered India when in agonies---only to be reviled, like the keeper of a lunatic, for the blessings of sanity that he had imparted. The emperor looked to that powerful statesman whose schemes of policy, wise and seasonable, though by court minions for ever thwarted, gave Spain a chance of salvation from tyranny, only that every chance and glimpse of escape might be lost again, as *they will be*, (mark, reader! these words) by his successors. *The late noble secretary for foreign affairs was solicited to undertake the protection of the Russian empire*---solicited by an absolute monarch---not to offer his counsels, but to issue his commands, free from all concurrent jurisdiction, or controul, or interference, to build the defence of a boundless empire from the base to the summit, with what materials, and on what foundation he pleased; and thus to wield with his single arm the energies of that gigantic war, on the event of which will hang the fate, not of

Russia only, but of the civilized world, and more especially of Britain herself, from whose administration, though tendered to him with all the ceremonies of good faith, he has by a degrading alliance of rancour and deceit, been fraudulently and shamefully excluded."

Letter of Vetus, Times, Sept. 7, 1812.

If it be true that from forty millions of Russian subjects, not one individual could be safely selected to direct the councils of their sovereign, what a deplorable view does the circumstance exhibit of the resources of the empire, and of the internal constitution of a cabinet, destined to contend with the genius and the policy of Bonaparte! When the despotic sovereign of an extensive empire is reduced to the necessity of committing his councils and his armies to the guidance and the government of a foreigner, unacquainted with the language and manners of his people, and exposed to the jealous counteraction of every native courtier whom his distrust may have insulted, or his preference mortified, what hope is there but in the number of his troops, and in the natural barriers that providence has vouchsafed against the advances of his enemy? That with only a moderate portion of talent, however, the Russian court has foreseen the necessity of trusting to a defensive system of warfare, is a favourable omen; and were the Marquis of Wellesley at the head of the English, instead of the Russian ministry, we should yet be disposed to look on the momentous contest about to be decided, with no unfavourable presentiments.

THE CHAPEL-STREET OFFENDER.

SIR,

THE calumnies circulated against a respectable preacher in Chapel-street, Bedford-row, by a woman who pretended to have lived under that gentleman's protection,

and who has since been committed to the house of correction for disturbing the congregation, have excited considerable sensation among his auditors, and have become the topic of general conversation to the neighbourhood. The time, however, has long since past when the indecencies of a riotous individual could be justified by stigmatising the pastor of a particular chapel as a methodist; and every friend to justice and to injured virtue must rejoice at the exemplary punishment inflicted on the delinquent.

It is not less necessary, however, that the follies and the vices of the iniquitous and the shameless, should be held up to the derision and the indignation of the public, than that the just and the upright should be defended from the attacks of vulgar and unfounded calumny. Even the friends of methodism will best contribute to purify the soil, by weeding it of all the pestiferous plants which may grow up amidst the fertility of religious cultivation. For this reason, therefore, I send you the following history, exhibiting an extraordinary instance of flagrant iniquity. A tradesman residing near Three K– C–– Lombard-street, with a wife and three children, whom he maintained decently, went with his dear consort out of curiosity, to hear a discourse in a conventicle in T—— W———, on a Sunday evening; the honest man expressed great satisfaction at the goodness of the preacher's doctrine; the elegance of the singing had some charms for his wife, and made her decide on forming a connection with a people by whom she was so highly delighted: endeavours to ensure her perseverance were not wanting; visits from the society were frequent, and her good man made no objection. In a short time all the flimsy and gaudy fopperies of dress became exchanged for the plain simplicity of her new profession. Profane songs were exploded to make room for divine incantations; the children were sent three times a day to the house of prayer; the good woman herself was a punctual attendant; the tradesman's business, which was indebted for its pros-

perity to the activity and vigilance of his wife in his absence, was neglected, or he himself must defer his business abroad to mind his shop at home during her absence. The eldest boy, who was about fourteen, and could be useful, was not permitted to controul; the mother's opinion must be complied with; the father sometimes remonstrated, but received no other satisfaction than being termed a man of the world, a lover of mammon, and one of the ungodly. When he became importunate, Mr. W—le. the preacher, was called in to exclaim against his ungodliness; one argument was very forcible in the opinion of the good man, for as by his wife's connection, he sold many articles in his business to friends of the society, so by a discontinuance of her attendance he might lose their custom. Mrs. ——— always attended at the foot of the pulpit, bewailing her sins, and groaning in the spirit. When she sat at home, she raised her voice in hymns and ejaculations: and if a customer was ever so intent on the purchase of a commodity in her shop, and the inspired moment arrived, she instantly retired, left the business to the shopmen, and poured out her tears, or her thanksgiving, as the inclination of the moment directed her; hysterics were often the consequence of these emotions, during which she saw visions, and called on dear Mr. Carpenter to record her prophecies. Mr. W---le also was sent for that he might administer comfort to the oppressed sister; they staid a long time alone; a list of the distressed sisters and brethren who were to be relieved by the opulent, came weekly, when our good woman conveyed a piece of linen, or a parcel of stockings, to the good man, to be divided at his discretion among the indigent, and also added a dollar, a pound note, or a drop of brandy, for immediate disposal.

The course of life followed by Mrs. S. rendered her useless to her husband: she was far elevated above any concern for the things of this world, and between star-gazing, and psalm-singing, and reading of exhortations, she gradually removed out of the way of her husband and the family to the second and third stories: the poor

man was obliged to send for his sister to look after his business, after many fruitless remonstrances; and upon her arrival he became, in some measure, resigned to the conduct of his wife. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to impress the sister's mind with a religious turn, but her reason was sufficiently armed against the delusions of the fanatics by the situation of her sister-in-law, who was now afflicted with the precursors of insanity. Goods were every day missed out of the shop, of which Mr. S, was informed: he became uneasy; the solitary communications of his wife and her spiritual guide began to alarm him, he hired a room in the house of his *next-door* neighbour, adjoining the apartment where the saints conferred: he placed some goods in it as an excuse for taking it: a thin partition only divided the houses, he pierced it with a gimblet, and on the next visit placed himself and some friends at the aperture, where he discovered Mr. W——le administering consolation to his sister in the faith, under the immediate guidance of love.

Unable to contain himself, he rushed into the house, burst open the door, and seized the marauder on his peace and happiness by the collar. The preacher, meek as a lamb, coolly replied to his accusations, that he was always prepared to withstand the attacks of calumny and malice, or he should be unworthy of the situation that he had been called to fill: he exhorted his assailant to patience, and prayed for his conversion, he gave the lie to three individuals who had witnessed his conduct, and bade them defiance. They hurried him to prison on the charge of theft, but he was immediately bailed. The connections of Mrs. S. with the society had extended her husband's credit: there ensued immediately a run of his creditors upon him, which caused him to stop payment: and in looking over the stock he found himself deficient in 900l. that he could not account for before the commissioners of bankruptcy: he was committed to prison by their order, the *teacher* was discharged for want of prosecution, the sons of the ruined man were turned loose upon the world,

the wife became a prostitute, the husband died in the Fleet: and his daughters are now servants in two families that harboured them from want, while the preacher continues, in the plenitude of reputation, to descant on the beauty of holiness, and exhort his hearers to purity of life.

Sept. 10th.

Strictures on Rich and Poor, a Comic Opera, by M. G. Lewis, Esq. First performed at the Lyceum Theatre, Wednesday, July 22. Price 2s. 6d. Oxberry.

In our number for August we promised a more strict critical enquiry into the merits of this opera, than our limits at that time would admit of; this promise was founded on no prejudice imbibed against the author, no personal feeling against the man, but to correct that false taste with which, in this instance, it is attempted to inoculate the town; and to expose the sentimental fallacies, and the absurd and immoral attempts at vindicating female incontinence, and male libertinism, by a style of reasoning derived from the German school, and a subtle appeal to our feelings, which always incline to the sufferer, with hardly any distinction between the virtuous or the vicious. Mr. Lewis may not thank us for the task, but we assert with confidence that he may improve by our hints, and thus in future give to the exercise of very creditable talents a claim to public consideration. His advertisement, asking for indulgence, is by no means a satisfactory reason for a relaxation of our opinion. He says, " Perhaps its faults may be looked upon with a less severe eye, if I mention that it was written before I was sixteen, and given to Mrs. Jordan, who afterwards produced it as a five act comedy for her benefit at Drury-lane, under the title of the " East Indian." Mr. Lewis seems to forget that he is now more than double sixteen, and by the re-production of his juvenile effort, has given it a sanction matured by years. It is ridiculous for him to advance when he took up his *old* play with the determination of converting it into an opera, he saw it full of defects, for which he must sue for critical in-

dulgence, he had the full power of re-writing himself, and if he had *actually* seen, he would have purged it of its errors, and instead of *altering*, have *founded* the present opera on "the East Indian." Where the excellence of the actor intervenes between the dramatic author and the public, it is difficult to separate the play from its appendages, and criticism on a representation oftentimes becomes erroneous; but when we have it in our closet, stripped of its stage fascination, the glare is gone, and it becomes more tractable to inquiry. This glare, by the bye, is more subtle, more dangerous, than the peg on which it is hung, because as it disarms pointed criticism, so it irresistibly dissolves the soul to sadness in the cause of suffering: softens down vice into an imposing form, nay even enamours you of it. Rich and Poor is altered from the East Indian, which is partially founded on Sidney Biddulph, with a character or two from the novel of Cecilia. Its chief features are Rivers, a rich East Indian, (of the assumed name of Mortimer,) who returns to England laden with wealth, "rich to surfeit," and assuming the garb of poverty with a view to developing the real characters of his relations, before he nominates from among them an heir to his vast property; waits on Modish, and begs for charity, which is refused: and here we have old Noll and Joseph, from the School for Scandal, with this difference, that Modish is a bankrupt man of fashion, over head and ears in debt, and shews some real contrition for the refusal to Rivers. The next visit of the presumed beggar is to Mrs. Ormond, a distressed widow, who has just been under the necessity of discharging an old and faithful servant, because it is out of her power any longer to retain him, although he offers to serve her for nothing: here Rivers is more successful, and obtains a donation, which draws from him the secret of his wealth, and he determines on making her his heiress. Mrs. Ormond is a petticoat Charles, divested of the dissipation which Sheridan has so ably linked with the character, but without any substitute trait to interest or amuse. In this part of the opera there is nothing to reprobate on the

score of morality, nothing to condemn, except Mr. *Lewis's* adaptation of a subject to the stage which the pen of a *Sheridan* had supplied before, in his inimitable comedy of the School for Scandal. The sub-plot is of another description; in this, Beauchamp, a married man, under the assumed name of Dorimant, inveigles the affections of a young girl, and elopes with her from her father in India: take the narration in the author's own words through the mouth of Beauchamp.

Beau. Ah! Mr. Walsingham how shall I tell you—

Wals. Out with it!

Beau. That I have been—that I still am—a villain!

Wals. I dont believe one word of it; he who dare own that he has been a villain, must needs already have ceased to be one.

Beau. Hear me then, and judge for yourself. You knew well the character of the woman to whose fate, while I was still a stripling, accident, not affection, united mine.

Wals. Yes, and a miserable life she led you!

Beau. During three years, she rendered my home a hell, my patience was at length exhausted. I made over to my wife the remnants of an estate, which her extravagance had ruined; bade this domestic fiend an eternal farewell, and sailed, under the assumed name of Dorimant, to India.

Wals. I see no harm as yet. Lived with her three years? I would not have lived with her three, days—no, not to have buried her on the fourth.

Beau. Soon after my arrival in India, it was my chance to *save the life* of the famous Mortimer; who ———

Wals. The Nabob, whose immense wealth—

Beau. The same. This procured me admission to his house —where I saw his daughter Zorayda. She was lovely and *grateful*—and in an *unguarded moment*—yet heaven can witness to my intentions; in an unguarded moment—I—I was a villain!

Wals. Little better, I must say!

Beau. Marry her I could not, her father's wrath was dreadful, Zorayda sought a refuge from it in my arms, and fled with me from India.

Wals. From India, and from her father? and with a married man?

And concluding this quotation, we shall reiterate "from India! and from her father!! and with a married man!!!" Are these the precepts and examples that are to be held up to our daughters; is it thus the distracted father of a debauched child is to be consoled by *three shillings*-worth in the pit of the Lyceum! or find an apology for the crutch of his old age being torn from his feeble hand! We have heard much of "unguarded moments," of "good intentions," &c. &c. but we must confess, we are at a loss to understand their true meaning. If such "unguarded moments," are likely to occur to, according to our acceptation of the term, MEN of HONOUR, and WOMEN of VIRTUE, then, indeed, it will be extremely hazardous to trust your wife or daughter out of your presence, or admit your friend to your table, fearing the occurrence of these "unguarded moments;" when with "amiable motives," and "good intentions," your *honourable* friend *seduces* your wife, or *debauches* your child, through the impulse of the most generous feelings; when the soul is impressed with the most *fervent* friendship, the most *exalted* love, the most heartfelt *gratitude*. This may be very correct, but we cannot help thinking, that a gentleman and lady, who are about to indulge their little amorous desires, must have some other sentiments in their head than those above alluded to: and if they have, their claims to honour and virtue may be questioned. We were always of opinion, that love and lust were two very different passions, which never could be identified as one. As friendship is a sentiment indiscriminately binding the sexes, as man to man, or man to woman (where no other passion is felt) by ties the most pure, and feelings the most exaltedly disinterested; so love is equally as pure in its nature, though confined, and felt only by man for woman, or woman for man, and partaking of those sexual desires so essential

to the due sustainment of human nature: and who would be less than nature? indeed, what laws could blot it from us; but mark the limits which this generous passion has prescribed. He who truly loves, could never be brought to tempt the honour, the chastity, to wound the delicacy, or call a blush upon the cheek of her whom he prizes! whom he loves! the female too—she who loves, and who, from the peculiar softness of her nature, loves so purely, so tenderly! she, who like the twining ivy, creeps up the stately wall for shelter and protection, who, in the strength of her attachment to the object of whom she's enamoured, would thread the complex mazes of the world, would brave with heroic fortitude the most appalling danger, and embrace vicissitude: for what is so heroic, or who, as a feeling, a virtuous, and a loving woman? Such a female, could never be involved in the ruin attendant on "unguarded moments." Her soul, in the purity of the sentiment with which it was animated, would turn away with loathing from the first attempt of the seducer, although her heart adored, and indignation would surmount the passion.

Such then is pure love, a passion hemmed round on every side by honour, assailable on none; a passion, comprehending sexual desire, but so imperceptible is that desire to the mind, that though its gratification might be delightful, it would never be sought for but by those laws, divine and human which ratify it as holy.

Pass the rubicon of love, all beyond is lust, and in this passion the grossness of its nature evidences that it is liable to its "unguarded moments;" but if the term "unguarded moments" is to be used as an apology for the *gratification* of its appetite, why then the prostitute who plies in the public streets for hire, may plead her doing so in an "unguarded moment." The man of lustful pleasure, he who possesses all the brutal sensuality of his type, the baboon, may plead when caught in visiting the veriest stews and brothels, that those were his "unguarded moments," and with as fair claims to com-

passion as the author of the Monk has given to Beauchamp and Zorayda, in his "Rich and Poor." Are these hard truths, or is the question unfairly stated? But to proceed—now then comes Zorayda's compunction, and which is to obtain for her the commiseration of her auditors. She enters with Mrs. Secret, joining her in a duet to the tune, "Time has not thinned my flowing hair."

> Now bright Ju y to pleasure calls,
> But townsmen hear the call in vain, &c. &c.

By the bye, this is a sober sort of sadness, in the expression of which, the sufferer values too highly the bloom on her cheek, to suffer the Penseroso tint to fade its roses. However, something better follows, in reply to Mrs. Secret's informing her of the death of Beauchamp's wife.

Zor. Ah! Secret, and should then the death of one who never injured me—alas, of one whom I have deeply injured, be to me the source of joy? Wretched Zorayda! how art thou fallen!

Speaking of her manners in public, she says,

Zor. —— Is gay, is forced, is agonising! from Beauchamp spring my sufferings, and therefore I would not have the world see that I suffer; but believe me, the smiles which play on my cheek in public, are to my heart as moon-beams falling on some rock of ice; they shine but warm not.

Mrs. Secret sings a song, quits the stage, and Zorayda, left to herself, exclaims

Zor. Yes, 'tis resolved! Edward, we must part, and for ever!—what! his mistress? the mistress of a married man! Break, fond heart, break! but support such shame no longer. Some one comes;—perhaps 'tis he.

This speech is not sufficiently expressive of that agony of suffering, which we presume Mr. Lewis is anxious to convey; and is only further confirmatory of the immoral character of Zorayda, or th subtlety of the picture which the author has drawn.

In a subsequent scene between Beauchamp and Zorayda there is a little more of the pathetic, but how are we to hear the following conclusion to that dialogue, and not feel that the pales of virtue are trodden under foot!

Beau. You mentioned some trinkets which you wished to purchase; these notes will answer their price, and now my love farewell for the present.

Zor. Yet say, to whom go you?

Beau. To a poor relation of Modish's, who applied to him for relief.

Zor. And he departed—?

Beau. Unrelieved.

Zor. Alas! yet perhaps he was undeserving.

Beau. That I know not, but trust me, Zorayda, I love not those who weigh too nicely the transgressions of a sufferer: To punish human errors is the province of heaven; to relieve human wants is the duty of man.

Zor. And whither is he now gone?

Beau. To Mrs. Ormond's, whose noble heart would willingly relieve him, but whose means ———

Zor. And if she cannot—what must he do?

Beau Starve, Zorayda!

Zor. He shall not!—no—no—he shall not! follow him! these notes—take them—take them all! nay, oppose me not, dear Edward, in this I must not be opposed.

Beau. Oppose you, Zorayda? Oh! be my own heart hardened, when I defeat the generosity of yours!

The trinkets alluded to by Beauchamp, and the notes given to Zorayda, are the principal objects of our reprobation in this scene. The giving of money is too coarse and gross to be even passable: in fact, what is there in the scene to characterise any thing short of the visit of a sentimental rake to his concubine?

The scene between Miss Chatterall and Zorayda is not at all favourable to the character of the latter; the tone of merriment with which she rallies Miss Chatterall on being "married in St. Martin's church, to a serjeant of the Guards, of the name of Brazen, on the 17th of last

June, at five and thirty minutes past eleven, odd seconds: and that you have at this moment two fine little boys at nurse with Mrs. Mum, No. 9, Paradise-row, three doors from the red lamps and green railing!"

As he approaches nearer to the conclusion of his drama, the author grows a little more serious, and warms the breast of his heroine with better feelings, and more apparently sincere contrition: but the last scene still bears about it evident signs of a wrong head: take it as a general principle, and in a subject of this description, we have no right to make it an abstract case, that it is a sign of human nature that the most wretched delinquent will console himself with—thank God, I am not so bad as so and so! and the lowest prostitute will refer you to the time when she "was not always so," and tell you a pitiable tale of the arts that were used to seduce her from virtue—a tale pitiable enough, and God knows often likely to be true. Fancy then for a moment the father of a dishonoured child! pleading to a dishonoured daughter to leave her seducer (a married man!) in the following words; and it is doing the author but justice to say that if he has known little of human nature in the construction of his drama, he has felt it in the last scene, and most ably pourtrayed the agonized feelings of a father, and the distraction of a repentant child.

Riv. I will not dwell upon the worth of public opinion, the blessings of self-satisfaction, the torments of present shame, and of future remorse; I know full well how light these considerations weigh against love, when a young hand holds the balance. Miss Mandeville, I will speak of your father, will explain how heavy is a father's curse—will paint how dreadful is a father's anguish!—Well can I describe that anguish, I have felt it—feel it still! I once had a daughter—

Zor. (Aside) His voice faulters!

Riv. This daughter—oh—how I loved her, words cannot say—thought cannot measure! This daughter sacrificed me for a villain, fled from my paternal roof, and—her flight has broken my heart—her ingratitude has dug my grave.

Zor. (Aside) How I suffer, oh, my heart!

Riv. Young lady, my daughter's seducer was Beauchamp! he has deserted her, so, doubt it not, will he desert you. My execration is upon her! Oh! let not your father's fall upon you as heavy. Haste to him 'ere it be too late! wait not till his resentment becomes rooted—till his resolve becomes immutable—till he shed such burning tears as I now shed—till he suffers such bitter pangs as I now suffer—till he curses as I now curse—

Zor. (Throwing aside her veil and sinking on her knees) Spare me! spare me!

Riv. Zorayda! (after a pause) Away!

Zor. Pardon! pardon!

Riv. Leave me, girl!

Zor. While I have life, never again! never, no, not even though you still frown on me! nay, struggle not! Father, I am a poor desperate distracted creature! still shall my lips, till sealed by death, cry to you for mercy—still will I thus clasp my father's hand, till he cuts off mine, or else forgives me!

Riv. Zorayda! girl!—Hence foolish tears!

Zor. I hope not for kindness, I sue but for pardon—I ask not to live happy in your love, I plead but to die soothed by your forgiveness—still loath my fault, frown on me still, dash me on the earth, trample me in the dust, kill me, but forgive me!

Riv. Her voice—her tears—I can support them no longer. (Breaks from her and hastens to the door.)

Zor. (Wringing her hands in despair) He goes! he leaves me! cruel! cruel! Oh! were my mother but alive!

Riv. (Starting) Her mother!

Zor. Ah! he stops. She lives then! lives still in his heart! Oh! plead thou for me, sainted spirit! plead thou too, in former sorrows my greatest comfort, in present sufferings, my only hope! (taking a picture from her bosom) Look on it, my father! 'tis the portrait of your wife, of your adored Zorayda! look on these eyes—you have so often said they were like mine. Be moved by my voice—you have so often said it reminded you of my mother's!—'tis she who thus sinks at your feet—'tis she who now cries to you, pardon your erring, your repentant child! father, I stand on the brink of ruin, already the

ground gives way beneath my feet—yet a moment, and I am lost! save me! father, save me! If not for my sake, if not for your own, Oh, father, father, save me for my mother's sake!

Riv. (Looking alternately at the portrait and her) Zorayda, Zorayda! My child, my child! (sinks on her bosom)

He who can peruse this and not feel must possess a heart more insensible than flint, which, when struck will emit fire, although but a hasty spark. He who can see the acting of Fawcett and Miss Kelly, and not dissolve into tears, is totally unacquainted with that exquisite sensation, the susceptibility of the human heart. How could Mr. Lewis thus feel, how could he thus write, placing his heroine in a state of suffering bordering on frensy, and with this awakened sense about him, lull the recollection of what a sacrifice he had made, of every genuine feeling of virtue, in this his chief character, until the denouement. She is seduced by Beauchamp! she elopes with him from India! she lives with him in adultery in London! knows well the existence of his wife! and receives money at his hands to purchase *trinkets!* Does it not savour of the fee of prostitution?—it is too gross. You now and then hear of her contrition and uneasiness: but no impulse of degraded honour rouses her to flight from her adulterous seducer. And she only begins to tremble then, for the first time, when she hears her father's voice.

Beauchamp is a sickly plant, drooping his head from the first scene to the last. Rivers is well drawn, sometimes overcharged. Walsingham is a perambulating gentleman, who has nothing to do but fill up the scene. Lord Listless is a fop of the first water, without head or heart. Such characters may ornament the upper walks of society; but they are no less despicable on that account. Lady Clara Modish and Miss Chatterall remind us some how or other of the School for Scandal, yet it is not like it—it is not even the ghost of that comedy. But it recals it to us as fantastic clouds form to the vision of the schoolboy a camel! or some other monstrous shape!

We have dwelt with greater length on this opera than our limits prescribe; but so much has been done to corrupt the morals of the age, that it is high time something now be done to reform them.

A NOBLE LORD, A CULPRIT, AND A PRIVATE SECRETARY!!!

" Credo vos tibi esse eundem, actutum extra portam."

The crimes which disgrace the soil of Britain are manifold; the laws which the wisdom of our ancestors, and the superabundant wisdom of our legislative assemblies, since the commencement of the present happy reign, have enacted for the express punishment of those crimes, are also numerous, equal to the justice of each individual case. But in the general amalgamation of society, the component parts of the incongruent mixture are so ill adapted to amend and remove the deadly venom called *vice*, that sometimes it lurks in the system without the possibility of removal. It adheres mostly to the higher circles of the ton, nay it even finds its way into the inmost recesses of the city. The *Doctors* of the Law—a species of *Hirudo*, are conveniently *au fait*, and with the wealthy, at all times ready and willing to pervert the stream of justice, which should flow pure. The unfortunate man who falls within the grasp of these worthies, and is too poor to convince them in the words of *Gay* that " gold from law can take off the sting," pays the forfeit of his crime, be the forfeit what it may.

These observations have been so often repeated and so generally acknowledged, that it would be a waste of paper to extend them further; therefore for the present it will be sufficient for the purpose of the proposed anecdotes to *hang them up*, and to pursue the tale.

The *trio*—the objects of our castigation, are so well known in the world that a sketch of their characters will convey to the least informed a just portrait of their respective *merits*, and while the contemplation calls forth an honest burst of indignation from the good man—while it raises a blush on the cheek of virtue, while a sigh escapes from the heart, the heart will retain this most inestimable consolation---" The ways of the wicked are full of guilt and of danger but the turnings of the virtuous are the sure roads to happiness and safety."

The highest in rank of these persons is by birth *unfortunately* a nobleman ! ! ! unfortunately, we repeat it, a nobleman; for the fiat of a prince stamped on his ancestors that designation, and the law of the land carries down to the latest posterity in the male line that honourable and distinguishing title. The deeds of this *nobleman* are *hung* up in the *court of vice*. His memory, when time shall have swept him away from the face of the earth, will live in the recollection of succeeding generations, and Virtue pointing at the scroll which contains his misdeeds, shall exclaim to her son—" my child, avoid the path which that *hoary-headed seducer* took—live after *my* precepts, and the evening of *thy* age shall pass away acceptable in the sight of creation." Such will be the language of virtue when giving advice. Future beings may by it learn to profit—the sacred mansion of the *clergyman* may remain unpolluted —his hitherto virtuous and beloved wife may escape the shoal of destruction—the court of law may escape the tale of pollution, and the *reverend plaintiff* no more be disgusted with the abominable fact—lawyers may be deprived of their fees, and that sort of civil justice which gives to the injured husband *ten thousand pounds*, (poor reparation for the foulest of all crimes !) be dispensed with.

In the present age of incontinence—of crime—of wickedness and of folly, astonishment is superseded by example. —The *Governor*, revelling in the luxuries of vice, surrounded by pimps and parasites, fed and encouraged in his lewd and vicious courses, by a host of *titled* husbands,

themselves acting the parts of *groom porters* to their own unlicenced *stews*; furnish to the ignorant, the unlettered, and depraved, the only road to everlasting destruction.

With such an example can a people be prosperous and happy? will the selection of a *hoary-headed seducer* to fill one of the highest offices in the * * * * * * * * * * conduce to the return of VIRTUE? Will she not, on the contrary, fly this modern court of Comus, and in the shades of darkness and obscurity weep out her sorrows and her life? The air of *B*——— may prolong a miserable existence, but the eagerness of reflection will corrode the few *exterior* comforts of life, and in the silence of the grave she will find relief from all her woes.

The middle man under our present head never held a higher rank in society than that of a tradesman—multifarious indeed have been his tradings, until the strong arm of the law compelled him by the lenient hand of bankruptcy to disclose his property. These arts were so often repeated that credit was staggered, and in the end failing to obtain of the manufacturer goods to carry on his underhand dealings, he had recourse to s———g practices, and under pretence of negotiating bills of exchange filled the office of money-broker—the cash, which he procured upon the faith of the acceptors' names, seldom found its way into the pockets of the unsuspicious persons by whom this bill-broker was employed. It was in this capacity that he introduced himself to the *hoary-headed seducer*, who was pressed for cash to assist him in his new schemes of universal system of excessive debauchery.

Having been entrusted by the ——, with bills to the amount of many thousands of pounds in value, he put some of them into circulation, and of course procured their value:—previous to the bills becoming due this *honest* broker converted the cash to his own use, and then wrote to the —— a variety of threatening letters with a view to induce him to pay them.

A certain foreigner (since expelled this country,) and two other persons were implicated with him; the threatened

charge against the —— however, became so much the talk of the town, and the reflections cast upon his character were so galling to his *sensibility*, that his latent feelings were aroused, and under the advice of certain honourable men, he indicted the letter-writers for a conspiracy—the consequence was, that three of them were tried (the other being *non est inventus*) and though two were *acquitted* the present hero was found *guilty*, and sentenced to be imprisoned for the term of *two years*, and to wear as a mark of distinction the *order of the wood* round his neck for one hour: the latter part of the sentence has been carried into execution, and he is now satisfying justice under the controul of time, by passing the remainder of his term in prison.

The career of this man has been marked for years by a series of crimes, which although they have avoided the notice of a criminal tribunal have, nevertheless, stamped his character with the epithet of—INFAMY! To enumerate the whole of them would fill a volume. Under the sanction of a demand for justice *he* (the culprit) in one instance has had the good fortune to find a jury so prone to what the law denominates a recognition of the subject's rights, as to receive at their hands damages to the amount of *one hundred pounds!* The case was this: during the administration of justice by Lord Eldon as chief of the court of Common Pleas, he was apprehended in Ireland on *suspicion* of being aiding and assisting in a felony alledged to be committed by a bankrupt soap-maker: the felony charged against the soap-maker was the secretion of several thousand pounds in bank notes from his creditors; the man not satisfactorily accounting for the disbursement of these notes, further than alledging that he was overturned in a mail coach and *lost them!* For this account of their disappearing the soap-maker was committed to prison, and there has remained. After a lapse of years the notes were passed in Ireland, and from certain circumstances the culprit, one of our present heroes, was suspected of being aiding in the fraud; he was arrested accordingly, and brought over in the

custody of the gaoler of an Irish prison to Liverpool, where he was lodged for safe custody one night. There is an old act of parliament which gives to the person committed under such circumstances permission to demand of the gaoler a sight of the warrant of committal; on refusal of the gaoler to satisfy the demand, the act enacts a penalty of *one hundred pounds*, to be recovered by an action at law. On this act Mr.——— brought his action, and the learned judge, though on the trial he regretted the hardship of the gaoler's case, was bound to tell the jury they *must* find for the plaintiff. At length, however, some years having rolled over his head and his *actions*, the law caught him by the heels, which they tripped up, and he now lays *perdu*, in the hopes of a joyful resurrection! he dines in style with his *tonish* friends, drinks his wine, cracks his joke, and laughs at the folly of mankind!

The last of this precious trio fills the office of private secretary to the * * * * *, has been honoured also with the rank of * * * * * * * * * * * * * *, and in the best informed circles is also dignified with the enviable title of * * * * to the same * * * * * personage. Certain it is, that we have within our knowledge FACTS which would most indisputably prove his title to the *latter* of these *honourable* appellations. He also is a member of the * * * * * of * * * * * * * * .

Places have been showered down upon his head for *secret services*; public ones he never performed. In short, his master finds him pliant for any purpose, and consequently he is constantly employed: when any dirty work is to be performed, *Little John* is summoned to go through with the drudgery, and he will with as good a grace convey in his carriage a * * * * to the * * * * * * as his own * * * *. Such a man, exhibiting on all occasions the quintessence of politeness, must be a most valuable member in society. To his master he undoubtedly is, and therefore he was selected on a late occasion to be the hand which should convey to the culprit that *modus*, which from some quarter was deemed necessary to be

carried to procure his *silence* and prevent his *blabbing*. But to the point—

The culprit, we have already observed, is suffering in prison, according to law, for a conspiracy against the ——, and it would be an insult to the judge who tried, and the jury which condemned him, to infer (from the FACT which we are about to disclose), that either the one, in his exposition of the law on the case, gave a misdirection, or that the other misunderstood the facts which the —— and other witnesses swore to. Certain it is that the culprit has stood in the pillory! Well, then, having passed through that *disgraceful* ordeal, it seems he then becomes a *proper companion* for the private secretary to visit; the prison, as it were, by the *knighting* of a culprit, is converted into a palace; but the Knight of the *wooden collar* is poor. How then must he be provided for? A consultation is held at * * * * *, at which the *prosecutor* assists, and the * * * * * * of course is admitted. The question is put: whether the knight, like other knights about the ——, shall be rewarded with a place. It is found that most places are disposed of. The place of U----r of the B----k R--d, so lately vacant, is now filled by a knight. *The black rod of Justice*, the knight of the collar has been honoured with! What is then to be done? Why the only means which the C—— H—— C—— can devise to provide for the culprit is to give him---A PENSION!!! Mark this, ye heroes of the Nile---of Trafalgar---of Camperdown---of Egypt, &c. &c. who amidst the din and thunder of war, have lost your limbs, and expended your best blood in the service of your country! Does not your heart's-blood curdle at the word PENSION? Do you not exclaim, "Is this the reward of knavery and of honour too? Be the name blotted out from the court rolls! The plains of Salamanca may smoke with the blood of slaughtered thousands fighting the cause of Spain, but never let it be said that the reward of the crippled and disabled soldier is *a pension!*" Some such expressions as these may escape

the lips of the best friends to their country, when the worst enemies are revelling in the spoils of the nation.

But to return to the tale. The pension agreed upon—then followed the question---how it should be paid to the culprit? It was resolved to pay him FOUR GUINEAS PER WEEK, and that sum he now actually receives FROM THE HANDS OF THE SECRETARY!!!

This fact, *curious* as it is, very naturally gives rise to curious conjecture as to the probable or possible reasons which have induced the —— or the ——, or both conjointly, to settle this pension upon the man who conspired against the honour and character of one of the two. What! is there something dreadful within the knowledge of this man against one or both of the parties? Do they fear exposure? Is the pliant Secretary a party concerned? These are questions which, on *some future occasion*, we may resolve by the publication of some further FACTS. For the present, it is sufficient to lay before the public the truth, as connected with the pension, and wishing the ———, the Culprit, and the Secretary, every gratification which can arise to them from the possession of such feelings as they possess—we will leave them to the *enjoyment* of those feelings, concluding with the homely motto which stands at the head of the article:

Credo vos tibi esse eundem actutum extra portam.

A SECOND LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD OF THE SISTER KINGDOM.

MY LORD,

You may easily conceive the satisfaction with which I learned that the "SCOURGE" and your breakfast table, were inseparable; and how grateful I felt that your Lordship read my epistle contained in the 20th number with feelings of a doubtful birth; that you knew the portrait,

and that for the first time in your life corrosive reflection excited sensations, which not even the bold effrontery of notorious guilt could dissipate, not even the intoxication produced by successful villainy could produce one brazen spark of bravoism, to dispel; no, it took your Lordship in an hour of languor, in an hour of gloom, when you had risen nervous and jaded from the foul bed of debauchery, and you had no appetite for vice: when you had no resource to fly from the stealing stings of conscience that flit round the heart in the dread hours of lassitude, when a book was resorted to, to blunt the keen edge of remorse and debilitating suffering; for your Lordship reads as the fevered patient takes medicine, not to improve the mind, but to relieve the body. Well, mine was the chance to stand by the side of a reproving conscience—your Lordship's eye dwelt on the page—you read—you trembled. I found I was mistaken, and I now hasten to correct the error I had rushed into. I had supposed that your Lordship was a bold-faced son of vice, on whom exposure could not operate, a libertine whom reasoning could not reprove, and *who*, instead of fearing, would rather glory in the publicity of his vices! and I had planned to myself, that I would publicly narrate a few of your Lordship's exploits, to gratify your vanity; at the same time to prove to the public how deserving you were of the enviable rank you hold in society, and the distinguishing epithets which are assimilated with your name! I had summed up your Lordship's character in one sentence, "a bold-faced villain!" I knew you as capable of pandering to the appetites of others, as of gratifying your own, at the expence of every feeling of common honesty. I knew you could debauch a wife, or daughter, by any of the foulest means, but I thought you could *honourably* have called out the husband, and brother, and deliberately have shot them! but I find that I am mistaken, your Lordship can only stab like an assassin in the dark! I knew that you could hunt out the hidden retreats of the trading black-leg, and

weave with him the fatal web of ruin to the inexperienced gamester! Well did I know that you could plunder with false dies, without one throe of compunction! and that you could retain such fiends as a Bishop! or a Dawson! on the race-course, to poison, to plunder, to destroy. I knew these things, and I thought I knew the innermost of your Lordship's heart, and that failure alone in any one of these diabolical practices could have excited compunction, could have excited shame! I had yet to learn that you had your hours of retrospection! I had yet to learn that the morning's head-ache produced the bitterest heart-ache! a heart-ache of the most horrible description, urged by no abstract feeling of compunction, but as connected with visible bodily decay, with weakness and debility. I had to learn that your Lordship, sinking into decrepitude, though not publicly, very apparent from your Lordship's habits and style of dress, began to tremble with apprehension at the disclosure of early facts! that as your appetite for vice decayed with your bodily vigour, you began to regret what you had been, not *because* you had been, but because you could *not* be! resembling the convicted criminal's repentance, not for the crime, but that he could not still be criminal. To learn these things, my Lord, was triumph, was exultation. To know that I could make your Lordship tremble, that I could appal the corrupt heart, that in hours of solitude I could torture to distraction the fevered brain of the bankrupt man of pleasure! this to me, my Lord, was a source of unspeakable joy, and it shall go hard, but I will be near your Lordship, and unsparingly perform my task. I will be an unceasing knell, ringing in your ears; sleeping, I'll haunt your dreams; waking, I'll be your terror. You must read—you dare not discard me—you will still continue to read the SCOURGE! though you open it with horror! for there is an indefinable something that leads the reluctant terror-stricken culprit to the threshold of the reprover!

I shall avoid the prolixity of detailing family events

or family history; the peerage will best narrate who your father was, to whom from him the title of —— devolved, and the catastrophe by which you became the possessor. These are circumstances intimately before the world, and have no connection with my memoirs. Pedigree to me is dull and uninteresting as a sermon on charity to your Lordship; I shall confine myself briefly to a few *particular* anecdotes, and I would that I could find in your Lordship's whole history one palliative to soften down any one vice, so as to bring your Lordship as deserving only a sentence in the second class of criminal punishment.

About thirty years ago your Lordship was first known to the town as the Hon. Mr. ——, brother to the Earl of ——. The theatre, the tavern, the brothel, the gaming table, and the race-course, soon knew you, and marked you as a genius of no ordinary class, a votary of no ordinary attainments. At the theatre you were distinguished for the shameless ease with which you publicly toyed with the girls of the town; for the broad horse-laugh with which you interrupted the performance, and for which you were so often greeted with the gallery cries of "throw him over!" "turn him out!" &c. &c: At the tavern for immoderate appetite, deep drinking, wild besotted unruly violence, and the length of your *bills*. At the brothel, as the pimp and pander of a P——, as the unprincipled bilk of a W——, and the promoter of riot and confusion. At the gaming table, as the companion of sharpers, as an adept in cogging, and a rook of the blackest feather. At the race course, as the sure better, a knowing one, and equal to any foul play. In private society, or rather fashionable female society, you were notorious among women of virtue, for your persecutions; among women of another class, for your dishonorable gallantry, and abandoned boastings of the female favours you had received. In the public streets you still preserved your notoriety; in your pedestrian tours, as one despising the common forms and customs of society, dead to shame! and to be seen as bottle-holder

to a fight, lounging with prostitutes, or dodging the timorous female to her home; in your curricle you were no less a nuisance, and still continue so; celebrated as a whip, you attracted all eyes, and by the aid of your equipage, you contrived to practice all sorts of fraud on the simple tradesman, deceived by your appearance, and effrontery of your manners. By the bye, your Lordship is not a little indebted to that singular cast of countenance which defies the blush, and which is not to be ruffled by any circumstance, or on any occasion. Well, my Lord, as the Hon. Mr. ——— you were first known to the town, and how known! I have before mentioned. I shall now proceed to narrate the first amour in the metropolis, in which your Lordship was notoriously engaged. Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, was at the time we are now about to speak of, the Bond-street of the day, it was the fashionable lounge where your Lordship daily sported your person, as a pedestrian and a charioteer. The milliners' shops were as fully as respectable as those now in Bond-street, and the milliners' girls had the reputation of being fully as pretty. Eliza ——— caught your Lordship's eye, and the vicious appetite of a brutal sensualist was aroused. She was a very interesting girl, about eighteen! you were not above two years her elder; her father, a Welch clergyman, died in her infancy, leaving his unfortunate widow with five children, in a state of absolute poverty. This good woman, whose whole happiness centered in that of her offspring, was chiefly miserable on their account. With the assistance of her parishioners, who esteemed the memory of their venerable pastor, and valued her and her family, she was enabled to open a school, the profits of which were sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, and afforded her an opportunity of apprenticing out Eliza to a fashionable milliner in London. With many tears did the good mother bedew the cheek of her child at parting—many prayers did she send up for her welfare, and with blessings and good counsels did she take her

final leave of her. Scarcely a month had Eliza been in London when your Lordship espied her. I need give no description of her beauty, for it must be in your recollection; I need not recal to you her diffidence, her modesty, her real virtue!—they must be still fresh on your recollection. You cannot forget the many stratagems you resorted to to entangle her—they all failed except one!—the one for which your Lordship ought to have suffered a death of torments, painful even to enumerate. I shall narrate that diabolical stratagem to you, lest it should have in any degree faded from your recollection, and in the hopes that it may call a sting to your bosom such as you well deserve. Finding that to reveal to the unfortunate girl your views upon her person, afforded but a hopeless prospect of success, your Lordship paved the way by means more subtle, more certain. You affected a virtuous commiseration for the misfortunes of her mother, and gained interviews, under the pretext of talking over the means of rendering that mother's situation more comfortable: with what a pious hypocrisy did you delude her! but it was not the force of language that could effect your purpose with this charming girl; argument could not weaken the chain that bound her to virtue!—a sleeping potion was the abandoned refuge of your hopes—you prevailed. In a death-like stupor you bore her to a bagnio. You, murderer-like, tore the jewel (chastity) from her unconscious breast. Beastly voluptuary!—you that night revelled in the charms of a poor inanimate! The morning saw her wretched, defiled, and saw you, hot-blooded sensualist, shivering with the consciousness of guilt—trembling for the consequences—saw you on your knees crying for mercy—dreading the fury of a distracted woman—you offered her marriage—you gave her a *written promise!!!*—you soothed!—you supplicated!—wept!—implored.—Coward, coward, you knew your life was endangered!—you knew it was in her keeping!—she pardoned, and under the impression of becoming your wife—a promise sacredly pledged, and by a

written declaration secured—she became your mistress, and a few days after saw her, in elegant apartments, the *chere amie* of a villain! For the first six weeks your Lordship was singularly attentive to your victim, your terrors had not evaporated—indeed they betrayed a visible effect on your gaiety, and you suffered much bantering among your associates—the promise of marriage to Eliza had been frequently renewed, but you found ample excuses to defer it for the present, such as breaking the ice to your ———, from whom you had considerable expectations—and some necessary preparations that must be made, such as a suitable establishment, &c. &c.—These were the apologies for a procrastination, which allowed you time to recover yourself, and plot fresh schemes of villainy. Six weeks was a long period for you to devote to the shrine of one; the seventh and eighth betrayed a little coldness; the beginning of the thirdmonth you got possession of the written promise of marriage!!! proving you capable of every crime, you *stole* the paper which you had given as the *purchase* price of your life. You destroyed it, and felt secure. Eliza was now but seldom resorted to,—you became indifferent,—your lordship had started fresh game—a fourth month passed—marriage was no longer talked of, excuses for long and repeated absences were no longer made,—you confessed that your partiality began to abate.—Eliza was in a state of pregnancy,—she revealed to you her situation,—but your heart was cold to her cries, deaf to her entreaties,—she upbraided you—you defied her!—she taxed you with your promise of marriage,—which you coldly denied ever having made!—she searched for the paper to convince you, and in the agony of the moment,—but it was gone! it resisted the most careful search! she fainted, and your Lordship very deliberately rung the bell for assistance, and left the house.—I will leave the world to judge of your Lordship, if these were your feelings at the age of twenty! Poor Eliza only recovered to a sense of her wretchedness—shut out from her mother to whom she

had never wrote since her unhappy fall—torn from virtuous society, pregnant, and probably abandoned by her unprincipled seducer, it must be exquisite for your Lordship to form an opinion, as to what must have been her feelings. It now became you to enquire the means of removing this hank from your sleeve, and your compassion for her was evidenced, by your turning her over to a friend, an officer in the Guards,—it was considerate! but when Eliza read the letter you sent her by this friend, —your Lordship should have seen her dropping on her frenzied knee—her lips quivering with curses on the monster who had betrayed her! her hands clasped in all the wildness of despair, her eyes clinging upwards to heaven, looking horror, while her voice was franticly imploring for justice from heaven, for the annihilation, soul and body of ———!

Such your Lordship should have seen and heard. Captain ——— was indescribably shocked,—he pitied the poor sufferer, and left her with no very high opinion of your Lordship's honor as a gentleman, or your feelings as a man. To follow this wretched being into all the miseries which ensued, would occupy volumes—to speak of her unmerited sufferings, faithfully to paint them, requires a master's hand—from this period your Lordship saw her no more! contributed no longer to her existence! she was left with a broken heart, to the wide world's mercy! bearing her load of shame—her frame, weakened by the shock, sunk under the oppression of accumulated griefs—she died, a truly pitiable object! but your Lordship suffered not, and still were seen in your usual haunts, with the same undaunted brow of guilt, the same smiles, and devising similar schemes for similar destruction!

Here ends my second lecture: so now, my Lord,

"To breakfast with what appetite you may;"

And I beg leave to promise you a third repast.

CENSOR.

THE GARDEN---A PARODY.

WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF A LATE DISCOVERY.*

In early days when mother Eve,
A story which we all believe,
Our father Adam knew,
She clasped him in her circling arms,
And first enjoy'd his youthful charms,
Where shrubs in Eden grew.

H——— the fair approv'd the plan,
And wantonly led forth her man
To R——'s charming grove,
Where murmuring waters cool'd the shade,
She all her beauteous form display'd,
And gave a loose to love.

Hail mighty love, sweet source of joy,
Which ne'er the amorous fair can cloy,
Accept my willing lays,
For thee I'll tune the Cyprian lyre,
For thee indulge each warm desire,
And sing with warmth thy praise.

And first among thy favorite train,
They foremost rank, who meet each swain,
In *fields* and meadows gay;
Who copying nature's easy rule,
Amidst the fanning breezes cool,
Their passions to allay.

Who with each other fondly vie,
In *hot-houses* to heave the sigh,
While love's all potent fire,
Rages with such resistless flame,
That *persons* whom we dare not name,
Scorched by a two-fold heat expire.

* Viz. of a celebrated personage and Lady ——in a hot-house.

Whether in woods, or couch reclin'd,
Which ever way the fair's inclin'd,
To sport in Cyprian games;
H—— we all confess, alone,
Has made the Sylvan fashion known,
And thus her lover tames.

From him, 'twere lunacy to hide
Those charms that form'd her earliest pride,
And grace the seat of love;
And he well versed in ———'s bowers,
Sips of its sweetest fairest flowers
And imitates great Jove.

Fair B——— of noblest blood,
Had long kind nature's powers withstood,
Spite of its tempting joys;
But when the athletic knight appears,
In all the bloom of ripened years,
With him she flirts and flies.

For him forsakes dull Hymen's bower,
Invoking every genial power,
To aid great manhood's cause;
No more to fill a eunuch's arms,
With all her captivating charms,
'Gainst Nature's potent laws.

With native smiles, tho' bred in courts,
N——— to love's retreats resorts,
Is prostrate at its shrine;
With burning kisses meets the youth,
Who swears, and vows eternal truth,
By all the powers divine.

Well pleased she quits her slumbering lord,
Relying on the royal word—
Alas! a slender tie;

But one month more, each vulgar cit,
All N———'s charms and splendid wit,
For sordid gold may buy.

Inheriting her mother's fire,
St. A——s next with mad desire,
Amidst the group appears;
Long had she known the powers of man,
And long had mourned "life's little *span*,"
In solitude and tears.

And thou, fond A———l, formed to please,
With every charm of female ease,
Which Coventry could give;
Where'er thy fancy can improve,
The sweet sequestered shade of love,
Oh! may'st thou ever live.

Live the bright type of Cyprian page,
The spur t' enliven doating age,
And warm the soul to bliss;
Thy mother's beauty still shall live,
In all thy wondrous charms can give,
By one transporting kiss.

Yet none of all the numerous fair,
Can with the ——s compare,
Who in a hot-house panting;
Assailed by p——ly warmth, complies,
And half reluctantly denies,
What G—— the great, is wanting.

And why condemn her amorous taste,
Each virgin sly, and nymph unchaste,
Her own *convenience* chuses?
Nor one of all the exalted fair,
When nature calls with man to pair,
The first at hand refuses.

Witness D———ck's fair, who chuse
All night securely to repose,
In A———'s abbey old,
Where lies 'midst sculls and cross-bones hid,
A coffin, left without a lid,
And more than marble cold.

Where oft a priest in dustier time,
Ere to confess was made a crime,
A sinful nymph would save;
Reprove the love the girl had shewn,
While she his pious powers would own,
And bless the kiss *he* gave!

Her lord beheld her prostrate lay,
As tho' she'd been a lump of clay,
And really thought her dead;
But soon he found the vigorous lover,
Her body from his optics cover,
And all her charms o'erspread.

Enraged he seized his trusty cane,
Which o'er the culprit's shoulders lain,
Awoke the amorous blade;
And struck by P—— to the ground,
In death's domain he'd almost found
A coffin ready made.

Some seek in baths their rage to quell,
And W——— knew it wondrous well,
When once she tried the plan:
Her naked beauties oft display'd,
And on the fountain's margin laid
A sacrifice to man.

But Gr——n chose a higher place,
Her humble footman's knot to grace,
And in the hay-loft muses;

For well she knew who makes the hay,
While shines the sun, the wisest way,
To love and pleasure chuses.

Fair W——— 'mong the spreading oaks,
The charming P——— invokes,
His bats and balls to prove;
'Tis his to bring the wicket down,
Or prove the victor thro' the town
In every feat of love.

Why then is ——— thus accused,
When no new mode it was she used,
Of sweet accommodation?
But ancient methods first reviewed,
Where is a *hot-house* warmly sued
For P——— conversation.

Snarlers then all your railing cease,
And let the lovers lie in peace,
For this is ——'s plan,
That rather than the lux'ry lose,
To snatch the bliss, she'll always chuse,
In any way she can.

COFFEE AND PISTOLS FOR TWO!
OR THE
HEROES OF THE SOCK AND BUSKIN!!

So much gossip has gone abroad relative to the "*Duellists*," a serio-comic operatic farce, recently performed by Messrs. Elliston and De Camp, for the "*Benefit*" of the sons of mirth; and so various have been the reports of that "*School for Scandal*," the green room; that it has absolutely occasioned us a world of enquiry, to arrive at any

thing like particulars. Some said that Elliston first of all appeared in the character of "*the Manager in Distress!*" and that in this fretful state of mind, he accused De Camp of too closely studying the part of the "*Liar!*" others that it was in his favourite part of "*Bobadil!*" he made the accusation: however, it is agreed on all hands, that De Camp suddenly shifting his character, appeared upon the *stage* in the commanding attitude a la *Belcher!* and giving the part all the energy of which he was capable, in short, acting it to the life, knocked down the "*Poor Gentleman!* "The *Honey Moon*" was over, the curtain dropped on the last scene of the "*Friends*," and "the *Revenge*," "The *Manager's Last Kick*," "*False Alarms*," and "the *Point of Honor*," were as speedily announced! Mrs. Edwin disdaining the "*Silent Woman*," enacted, to her great mortification, the principal part in "*Love's Labour Lost!*" while Russel, inimitable as "*Jerry Sneak*," hastened from the sight of his brother-in-law "*Bruin*," and hid himself behind a barrel of *thunder* and *lightning* —all was confusion, and the learned *bipeds* of the Circus were wholly at a loss what character to appear in, or how to *act!* In this chaos of disorder, Elliston thought proper to call for the "*Manager's Last Shift*"—death, darts, daggers, fury, fire, hell, and pistols!—Pistols, pistols, coffee and pistols for two!!! Coffee and pistols, raved out De Camp—"Coffee and pistols," reverberated the whole corps dramatique. It beggars all description, the solemn quizzical look of the *heroes* of grimace!—all was anxiety and dreadful expectation,— "*The Tempest*" ceased, the dagger of lath was to give place to the sword of obdurate steel, the squibs and crackers of the stage, to a pair of Mantons, loaded with the terrible bullet! "Twenty more, kill 'em!" cried De Camp; "slugs in a saw pit!" returned Elliston. But "*Half an hour after Supper*," these heroes lowered their high tones, and were dreadfully affected at the idea of leaving a "*Mourning Bride*," and "*The Orphans*;" reflection brought on a "*Discovery*," and a few "*Secrets worth knowing*." "*How*

to die for Love," they both knew!—but how to die under a hedge, for honor, neither had a relish for learning! "*Measure for Measure*" cried De Camp; "I gave you a thump, and you may return it." *All's well that ends well,*" answers Elliston, "but we must fight,"—fight! —perhaps "to die, to sleep no more." "Oh! *The Follies of a Day!*" rejoined De Camp.—Morning ushered in all the horrors of warfare, and the combatants repaired to the field.—"*Hit or Miss,*"—pop—pop—the *paper* bullets flew, and the parties had their satisfaction!

"Why, Sir, if Mr. De Camp did not say so and so, or really *mean* to say so and so; for you know the *meaning* is every thing—I am heartily sorry for the *lie* I gave him, it was a mere lapsus linguæ—I did not *mean* to say *you lie!*—but—but you are *mistaken.*"

"Oh! if Mr. Elliston did not *mean* to say—*you lie,* but merely to say you are mistaken, I am heartily sorry for the blow I gave, which I as readily assure you I did not *mean* to make! in fact, it arose from a sudden irritation I felt in the knuckles, a sort of irresistible propelling inclination—but—I did not mean to ———."

"O—if you did not mean, that alters the case!—I cannot bear the smell of powder and—"

"Nor I—positively!—there is something so cold in the quality of lead—something so indigestible,—ha, ha, ha."

Both. "Ha! ha! ha!"

Thus terminated one of the most serious fracas that ever agitated, or threatened the prosperity of the drama! a fracas, threatening to send one to the tomb of the "Capulets," and the other a wanderer," "a fugitive," perhaps among the "Sons of Erin," or the "Cherokees," or the "Africans," or "Americans." Under all the circumstances, good "Management" was evidenced in the denouement! The "Critic" may be disposed to "Shoot Folly as it flies," "Who wants a Guinea!" but "an Englishman's Fire-side" is too good a thing to barter for the bubble honor, in the shape of a pistol bullet, and in this both Mr. Elliston and Mr. De Camp most cordially agreed.

DANIEL LOVELL, AND HIS ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THE *immaculate* proprietor of the Statesman has again attempted to attract the notice of the public by an address which he has published in his very *consistent* journal, in which he complains of his sufferings in the cause of the people, with the view, we suppose, of exciting an interest in his behalf. Let us, however, ask this would-be-patriot what right he has to claim the suffrages of the people, when he has uniformly refused, in all his difficulties to submit his case to their decision ? When did he ask the verdict of a jury of his countrymen on any of the charges brought against him by the attorney general? Why has he constantly left his fate in the hands of his prosecutors? and why has he chosen the *Morning Post* to convey his complaints to the public ? Lewis Goldsmith lately accused Daniel Lovell of having offered to change the politics of his paper, if government would be merciful to him. We know that much reliance is not to be placed on the assertions of the Editor of the Antigallican ; but from his intimate connection with ministers, (to their shame be it said,) there is much reason to believe the accusation correct. But be this as it may, no man has a right to urge claims on the people for alledged sufferings in their cause, when he refuses to submit the merits of that cause to the people, who, it is more than probable, would have acquitted him, and thus defeated the views of his persecutors.

In his address, Daniel Lovell accuses his late editor, Mr. Houston, who it appears has left him, with having involved him in new troubles, by the insertion in the Statesman of a libellous letter against the Transport Board, and several other articles of an *inflammatory* nature, "*contrary* to his Daniel Lovell's wishes." As we are unacquainted with Mr. Houston, and never heard any thing to his prejudice, we shall not arraign his conduct on the testimony of the

proprietor of the Statesman. This much, however, we can say, that the affidavit which Daniel Lovell has published as evidence of the truth of his charge, has not the appearance of having been sworn rashly. Houston states that it was not till "after mature deliberation" he came to consider Daniel Lovell "unacquainted with the contents" of the letter to the Transport Board. This does not seem to imply that Lovell was ignorant of the *existence* of the letter, or that it had never been in his possession. It only shows that some time after its appearance in the Statesman certain circumstances had come to the knowledge of Houston, which led him to entertain a belief that Lovell might not be aware of its contents when he ordered it to be published; and we have little doubt, if Houston considered it necessary to enter into an explanation of the fact, that our opinion would turn out to be correct. But perhaps that gentleman will tell us that there is nothing to be gained in a public contest with such a man as Daniel Lovell.—As to the several *inflammatory* articles which Houston is accused of writing in the Statesman, *contrary* to the wish of his employer; this charge appears entirely ridiculous, because Mr. Lovell had it in his power to prevent a repetition of these articles, by dismissing his editor on the first offence—But it is absurd to assign this as the cause of quarrel with Houston, after what appeared in Lovell's paper of the 16th August, some weeks *subsequent* to his parting with his editor. It is there asked, in reference to the siege of Copenhagen—Is it possible she (Denmark) can forget that Lord Cathcart was the man *who ordered the burnings and murders*, who is now gone to conciliate the northern powers to our interest?"—Daniel Lovell may probably escape another *ex officio* information for holding out language so derogatory to Lord Cathcart, but there is no man who reads it that can think his late editor Mr. Houston could write a more *inflammatory* article.

In the concluding part of his address Mr. Lovell states, that he never "wantonly or upon slight grounds in-

jured the feelings or character of any individual!" We never read a more unfounded and impudent assertion. His whole conduct is a wanton insult to the feelings of those who refuse to bow to his imperious mandates. The public have not forgot his unprovoked attack on Messrs. Hoggart and Phillips, whose only fault was that they declined, as they had a right to do, sending their advertisements to the Statesman. Lovell says, he has lost his " friends." Had he said that he never can have a friend, he would have spoken nearer the truth; for there never was a man less formed for friendship than the proprietor of the Statesman; a paper which has become a public nuisance in consequence of the illiberal and unfounded attacks of Lovell against private individuals, who he supposes may have given him some slight cause of offence, and whom he ever afterwards persecutes with the relentless and sanguinary spirit of a demon.

*** As the above was transmitted to us, our regard for impartiality has caused its insertion;—but we are disposed to join in the old chorus, " Tantarara, &c."

GENERAL ELECTION.

The dissolution of Parliament generally announced throughout the ministerial circles will be proclaimed in the Gazette on the 2d instant. A more important period for the country has not presented itself for some time. Five years have passed over since promises were made to the electors: during that time the electors, from the conduct of many of their representatives have discovered that when they elected these courtly men, *delusion* was the order of the day. The events which have transpired during these five tedious years must have impressed upon the minds of the nation the absolute necessity of guarding, in the present instance, against the recurrence of that delusion which has led to so many destructive results.

When the people of England have the means within

their own power of protecting their rights by the choice of men competent to fulfil, honourably, diligently, and impartially their delegated stations; they must use that power. When we contemplate the culpability of public men, the various crimes which have disgraced some of the members of the senate, and which produced their expulsion from the legislative assembly, we cannot wonder that the pressure upon all ranks of people should be so great. But when we recollect that a part of the present government (not to speak of the *defunct*) are charged with high crimes and misdemeanors: that by a sort of a *vicious* bearing towards the accused, they were by a *trifling majority* discharged from the punishment which should have awaited their crimes, we feel justified in calling the attention of our country to the important period which has arrived, and to warn them of the danger which surrounds the state.

If ever there was a time when the best interests of the people were disregarded—now is that time! If ever there was a time when the voice of the public was held in contempt—now is that time! But the determination of ministers will give an opportunity to the nation for ACTING, and we conjure the people not to let slip this opportunity of providing against the worst.

In order to enable the electors of Great Britain to estimate the value of the different candidates, we shall in our next number fully develope all their characters. In that developement speculation will be thrown aside, for we shall give IN PLAIN UNADORNED FACTS a true picture of some of the late and present *pretenders*! Our exposition will of course embrace the whole of the counties, and in travelling through them we shall notice the *flight* of a WESTERN hero from Malden, and the *sad consequences* which led to that flight—we shall warn the freeholders of Essex against his backslidings. We shall travel into Devonshire, and from the neighbourhood of *Exeter*, return with anecdotes sufficiently interesting to compel a rejection of one of the present candidates—in truth we intend to GORE him. In Suffolk we shall

stop at Aldborough, and with the aid of our SECRETARY, write down some most important facts not generally known. In Lincolnshire we shall endeavour, though we respect the electors, to keep a-LOFT from Great Grimsby. In Wiltshire, polluted as Hindon has been by the choice of the FONTHILL FOOL, we shall still prepare to cleanse the town of one of its *impure members!* At St. Ives in Cornwall we shall make a few *notes*, which we assure our readers though they may appear *bad*, nevertheless are STERLING ones, and in passing through the town of Penryn, we shall exhibit for the astonishment of our friends, the *borrowed* plumage of a *black* SWAN, &c. &c. &c.

These are only a few of the notices which for the present we think it expedient to make; adding to them, the promise of a most ample fund of information, which we sincerely trust may have the desired effect, namely, the preservation of the purity of the elective franchise—the destruction of corruption and the restoration to England of a virtuous, enlightened, and what is much better, AN HONEST PARLIAMENT.

THE SURRY MAGISTRATES, AND THE VAUXHALL PROPRIETOR.

WHEN the attention of the magistracy is directed to the suppression of vice and immorality, we most cordially congratulate the public on the exertion of their powers; but when we see those powers exerted to the prejudice of individuals (who have not offended against the laws), and as a means of depriving that public of a species of rational enjoyment; it then becomes a paramount duty in us, as *Censors*, to mark with just reprobation any particular act of oppression, which in their capacity of magistrates they may have committed.

With this view we must notice the late proceedings at the Sessions House in Horsemonger-lane. Appli-

cation was made to the magistrates, in sessions assembled, on the licensing day of the present year, by George Barrett, Esq. the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, for a renewal of the licence to sell beer, &c. in the gardens. The bench of magistrates was a very full one. *Thirty* being present, to hear and determine upon the case, and to do justice to the applicant, at the same time being bound by their oaths to preserve the public peace and the public morals. Among the magistrates assembled was the *celebrated* Mr. John Bowles, remarkable for his strenuous exertions in the cause of virtue, and remarkable also as one of the Dutch commissioners! *Quæ virtus et quanta bonis sit viveres parvo.* Mr. Bowles has a remarkable antipathy to masquerades, convinced that in a moral point of view they conduce, with other *amusements,* to sap the seeds of virtue in the rising generation! When the first masquerade was announced at Vauxhall, this worthy magistrate convened a meeting of the magistracy for the avowed purpose of nipping the bud in its growth —he succeeded in some measure in his object, for royalty, in the person of the Duke of Cambridge, (whose name stood at the head of the bills as the patron of the proposed entertainment) withdrew its sacred and protecting mantle. But the spirited proprietor having pledged his faith with the public (*eight days* before the magistrates intimated their opposition), conceived he should ill repay that protection which for years he had experienced, by bending to the nod of power, and therefore he as it were defied their powers, had his masquerade, and what was worse *repeated* his daring. For these *foul offences*, be it known, that Mr. Bowles, whose memory is very tenacious, canvassed for the sessions meeting, in order to meet *properly* the application for the renewal of the licence. As we have already observed, *thirty* magistrates assembled; the grounds of objection to the renewal were stated; but the *audi et alteram partem* was refused to Mr. Barrett and Mr. Simpson (the superintendant of the gardens); and these gentlemen, with "all their im-

imperfections on their heads," were consigned to that punishment, which in the breast of Mr. Bowles (the *vice hunter*) could alone wash out their sins—*utter ruin!* for without a licence to sell liquors the gardens *must* be closed. Well! but how was this punishment to be inflicted? *lites sequi.* Accordingly when the question came to be put to the vote, only *fifteen* of the number were found to give their votes; the other *fifteen* magistrates having, in the sportsman's phrase, "*stole away!*"

The numbers stood thus :

For renewing the licence,	5
Against it - - - - - - -	10
Majority for Mr. Bowles,	5

This decision of the bench has created much discontent in the public mind : the public do not like to be deprived of any rational enjoyment, either at the caprice or tyranny of any set of individuals, however they may be armed with power. The magistrates should recollect that when they are by an act of this kind wreaking vengeance upon an individual for real or imaginary crimes— they are at the same time infringing upon the rights of the public.

Masquerades may be an objectionable species of amusement to a *certain* description of the *religious* order, of which order Mr. Bowles is a member: far be it from our intention to impute to him any lack of christian charity, *parcus deorum cultor* we will not say of him— the quotation shot across our recollection, and we discharged it from our memory, by committing it to paper. But we were present at both the masquerades, and we appeal to *some of the magistrates* present also; whether they were not conducted upon the most orderly footing? whether in any one instance decorum was violated? In short, whether there was any act passed within, at which even Mr. John Bowles would have turned up the whites of his eyes, and exclaimed—*Abomination!*

Mr. Barrett may perhaps get his licence at the next

sessions, at Kingston, for music and dancing; but without a licence for the selling of beer, the gardens cannot be opened, and this place of amusement, so many years the favorite place of public resort, by an act of *virtuous* phrenzy, is virtually shut up for ever and ever. Amen.

MODERN PATRIOTISM AND JUSTICE.

SIR ROBERT P——L, BARONET.

WHO maintains so high a character for patriotism, for honour, and for humanity, as the British merchant or manufacturer? Who upon all state occasions contributes so largely to fill the funds for the relief of the Spanish patriots, the Portuguese patriots, and the patriots of all nations as the British merchant? Let the committee at Lloyd's ratify the assertion—Let the list of subscribers to any of these funds be handed round the town, and there with pride and satisfaction may be found the name of Sir Robert P———, Baronet, as one of the contributors to the glorious cause for the round sum of FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS STERLING! Who then, after such a glorious and transcendant act of public charity, sanctioned by the publication in the newspapers, and signed in the list with the baronet's own proper name, who, we ask—shall presume to impute other than charitable motives to the act of the baronet? Who shall unkindly refuse to assist the papers with his helping voice in trumpeting forth the benevolence of the man—in pointing him out as the model best worthy of imitation!

Is there a man so lost to shame as to place this mark of benevolence—this precious proof of a sensitive mind, to the account of ostentation and self-preservation? Ah, no! perish the thought! let the god-like act be emblazoned in the pages of history, until time sweeping

down with a dreadful *impetus*, the sad record shall crumble mortality in the dust. The present age shall bless the deed, and though in the midst of war the comforts of the manufacturer and artizan may be snatched from the pressure of the times from their grasp—though themselves and offspring may sicken and pine unto death at the approach of want and of famine, yet the pleasing consolation still remains to gratify their palsied faculties, and to feed their almost expiring lamp of life, in the recollection that the British merchants, and Sir Robert P——l, baronet, contribute not a small portion of their vast fortunes to support the British cause in the Peninsula!!!

Sir Robert P——l is one of those worthy characters, who though a titled man boasts the honour of being a tradesman—he boasts too the honour of being a M—— of P————, and he also boasts the character of a loyal man. Let Whig or Tory guide the helm of state, Sir Robert sticks close to the minister, conscious that the government must be supported. This idea he has instilled into the mind of his son, a promising young man, also M. P. and who, steering his bark from the harbour of *contracts* has entered the haven of *politics*, where for a while he fought the battles of the minister on the banks of the Thames, and has lately been rewarded with the part of C—— S———— on the shores of the sister kingdom. So much for patriotism!

As a merchant manufacturer, Sir Robert, the public will suppose, looks to the main chance, and consequently with his partners inspects his accounts, sometimes gives orders as to what may be proper to be done for the benefit of the whole. If he neglects to do this he abstains from doing that justice to those persons in connection with, and dealing with him, which they as fellow subjects are entitled to. But we will suppose he examines his affairs, and therefore the act of justice which we are about to record we may safely aver is the copartnership act of the baronet and his colleagues. We wish that the act of justice had been performed in a more unquestionable shape, but however to the tale—

An industrious tradesman struggling for a long time against the stream of adversity, involved in debts and unable to bear up against the tide, unfortunately became a debtor to the baronet's firm for the amazing sum of FIFTEEN POUNDS! (Gentle reader, just *one twentieth* part of the round sum so generously and humanely subscribed for the relief of the Spanish patriots.) The firm applied for payment—the debtor, incompetent from the want of funds to satisfy the demand, was arrested, and thrown into a prison, where he lay many months deprived of the means of supporting *a wife and six children!!!* The prospect before him was dreary, when luckily the legislature interposed, not only on his behalf, but on the behalf of thousands, who like himself were wasting their best days within the walls of prisons at the will of obdurate creditors. The act of insolvency which returned this unfortunate man to liberty and light, was passed at the close of the last session of P———, and the baronet of course made a component part of that body, which conferred this *act of justice*!

When we examine into the case of the unfortunate debtor, we can scarcely believe it possible that the transaction could have been known to the baronet. The splendid atchievement of renown which the FIVE HUNDRED POUND action cast around his person was too brilliant to have its lustre dimmed by the action for *fifteen pounds!* What—to take a debtor captive with his wife and six children, and lodge them in a prison—was that the road to pluck another laurel, to grace his benevolent and humane brows? We trust the sons and daughters of humanity will answer in the negative; and happy should we be, if we were spared in future the unpleasing task of recording actions similar in the outset with the last of the worthy baronet's; for though the effect produced by the act, restored the man to society, let it be remembered that Sir Robert was but one *of the council of five hundred*—he was, as it were, but a sa mite in the beam of justice!

CROSS READINGS EXTRAORDINARY.

The committee for inquiring into the cause of the high price of provisions—destroyed fifteen turkies, three sirloins, and seventy-five custards.

An opportunity offers for a single gentlewoman—a young fellow was stript by two ruffians, and left naked behind a hedge.

His Royal Highness had no issue—inquire on any day before twelve o'clock at the Foundling Hospital.

Yesterday the sitting alderman committed—adultery, a crime now so prevalent that there is no security for the married life.

A few days ago a beautiful young lady—was presented to the house, and ordered to lie upon the table.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent is afflicted with—several hogsheads of fine flavoured *Curacoa.*

Mr. Vansittart moved for permission to bring in a bill to amend—the Prince of Wales and all the royal family.

Ordered in a bill for repairing and widening—the *breach* between two exalted personages.

Lord Sidmouth *moved*—to the other side of the house.

Mr. Smith moved for permission to bring in a *bill*—for seventy-five pipes of Malaga.

About two o'clock the house *divided*—we are sorry to say that several persons were buried in the ruins.

Pregnant ladies whose delicacy will not permit them to communicate their condition—to be sold for five guineas each. N. B. A trial will be allowed.

Want places---Lords Grey and Grenville, and Mr. Tierney.

A widow lady and her daughter wish to enjoy the society of---Free and accepted masons, at the Free Masons Tavern, Great Queen-street.

Tomorrow his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland sets out on his tour to Worthing—after which the

Midnight Hour, with a song, by Mr. Graham, called the Murder's out.

We hear that the addresses transmitted to the Managers of New Drury are well calculated for—water closets on patent principles.

A few days ago, as the Countess of B—— was driving down Pall Mall, her carriage came in contact with—several tall grenadiers, well mounted, and ready for action.

A lady of high rank and undeniable honour is in want of a—tall raw-boned Irishman, six feet high.

We are happy to hear that her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth is recovered from—four strapping children as beautiful as their mother.

The avarice and peculation of Alexander Davison and his brethren—cured by the golden ointment for the i—— when applied to the palm of the hand.

Several of our present ministers justly deserve—many parcels of good thick rope to be sold *under an execution.*

We understand that many unwary young men have been *taken in* by a combination of—youth, beauty, and fashion, under the auspices of Mrs. S———, at her elegant mansion in P—— street.

Twelve commissions of bankrupts passed the great seal yesterday—a satisfactory proof that our trade and commerce is in a flourishing condition.

A motion was put, and the question carried—to which the lady answered in the affirmative, and they were married accordingly.

Sibley's Solar Tincture and Nervous Cordial is respectfully recommended—for the benefit of the author.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was upon his legs, and *moved* the house—and carried it to Highgate for a bet of two guineas.

NEWSPAPER MISREPRESENTATIONS.

Mr. Editor,

I belong to a Reading Society at ———, and have just arrived in London on a little business that required my presence. Having some spare time on my hands, although aware that I am by no means a good penman, indeed, not sufficiently so, I fear, to make myself thoroughly understood, I have thought proper to address a few lines to you on the subject of newspaper reports, calling your attention to their very shameful practices of misrepresentation, on all important political matters, and requesting to know through your means, if there is *one* on which we may depend for correctness of information. Our society, Sir, is formed chiefly of farmers, whose daily pursuits afford them little leisure for political inquiry, yet having stakes in the country they are very naturally anxious to be correctly informed of the *causes*, as well as the *measures* of government. They want to know something of the characters of those men to whom is entrusted the resources of the kingdom, and who are empowered to levy those severe contributions which are paid by its citizens.

They want to know something of the nature of that long protracted war which still is wasting the blood and the treasures of the people of England, something as to what may be its probable issue, and whether a commercial nation, almost shut out from commerce, can continue for a much longer period, the dangerous struggle in which it is engaged, the unequal fight it has so long maintained. But, Sir, superior to all this, is their desire to know to its extent, the success or failure of every enterprize, because they think, and I think with them, the citadel is stronger when aware of its danger. In such cases misrepresentation is of very dangerous tendency. Well, Sir, their only ource of intelligence, their only means of ascertaining the

motives for the measures of administration, and the progress of the war, is through the professed heralds of news —the daily journals. And whether, through such means, they attain the object of their desires, I leave you to determine, by a comparison drawn between the same day's report of the Morning Post, the Morning Chronicle, Herald, Times, &c. &c. Thus, the Morning Post tells us, we are governed by a prince, celebrated for learning, wisdom, and all the et ceteras of fulsome epithets—A PRINCE WHOM WE ADORE!!! But the Morning Chronicle reverses this in the most decided manner, and talks about *Hertfordshire stags, lusty Cyprians,* and *broken promises,* with all the et ceteras of severe reproach, and condoles with his countrymen on the profligacy of ——.

The Morning Herald, with its vulgar insipidity, in all the coldness of its caution, abstains from saying one thing or the other.

The Times devotes its columns to the lengthened jargon of "Crito." But they all *agree* in one thing, that is, in *differing* in *opinion* on all subjects of debate.

The Morning Post tells us, the present administration is formed of the most upright men in the kingdom! of men of the brightest talent! and who *alone* are capable of measures to save a tottering country!!! that the opposition are a set of designing place-hunters, of bad private characters, who would overturn the state to answer their own views! who care nothing for the country! but all for the loaves and fishes.

The Morning Chronicle leads us directly to a contrary line of thinking; it tells us in strong language that the present men are wholly incapable of the duties required of them in their high and confidential situations! it reviews their measures, and challenges them with incapacity, in terms carrying conviction. It tells them they never enjoyed the confidence of the prince, or the country,—that the former is compleatly controuled by them, arising from certain circumstances dangerous to reveal! And that the latter is fast hurrying to a ruin from which no common energy can rescue it! It calls them the pa-

trons of *reversions, sinecures, places,* and *pensions*,—good things of the state which are provided by the sweat of the people's brow, and directly accuses them of a *monopoly*, in such articles of *sale* and *barter*! It contends for the members of opposition, declaring them men of unimpeachable integrity, and deserving of the highest responsibility,—men above the meanness of peculation, and scorning the advantages of place, but as affording them the means of saving their native country! Men who at once possess the confidence of the people of England, and who *alone* are capable by the strength and vigor of their talents of saving old England!!!

The Morning Herald looks sapient, smiles in the fulness of knowledge, and with an ambiguous wink—says nothing.

The Times—with its volume open for the past, and another closed for the future, says a great deal, and leaves you in the dark, it promises you whole columns of "Crito!" And it religiously perform its promise. Who reads Crito? I don't know, he's never read in our reading room.

The Morning Post tells us, the war in Spain is brought to an issue by the battle of Salamanca, and that to the wisdom of ministers ought that memorable battle be ascribed! That the legislature at home *planned* the laurels which our brave soldiers have won!!! "Madrid is in our hands! this *was* known to *ministers*! as the natural and inevitable result of the battle of Salamanca; yet these are the men," continues the Post, "whom the members of opposition, *all the talents*! think unworthy to hold the reins of government."

The Morning Chronicle,on the other hand, deplores the prodigal expenditure of valuable British blood, rejoices and applauds the heroism displayed at Salamanca, and bestows upon Earl Wellington and his brave troops, all the applause which his superior skill, and their intrepidity, have so justly merited. But recoiling from the ministry apparently on more firm ground, it again retorts upon them incapacity! it goes on, Spain is not yet freed, there

are still large armies and veteran forces to overcome; Lord Wellington has done as much, nay more than could have been expected of him; but if the ministry do not immediately do something at home, and send out considerable reinforcements, the victory of Salamanca will have been dearly bought! and our countrymen will be once more subject to the horrors of retreat!!!

"If any one thing was wanting to prove the imbecility of ministers, it was the victory at Salamanca, it was a proof that Lord Wellington's demand for an encreased force, to secure conquest, and by which he engaged to free Spain from its unprincipled invader, was founded on a knowledge not to be controverted: but these feeble executives, who are profuse, where they should be cautious and parsimonious, where every thing depends on liberal supplies, now perhaps too late begin to see their error and atone for it."

The Morning Herald, announcing the completion of prognostics, which it had never before hinted at! now, on the victory of Salamanca praises every body, and every thing; but in so very prosing and dull a strain, that we are almost inclined to doubt whether it is in joke, or earnest!

The Times congratulate the country, and dismissing Crito for a short period, present you with original letters from officers, written on the field of battle! but I imagine for *field* of *battle*—the reading must be, *printing office!*

The next important feature, and indeed which excites the greatest attention at the present moment, is the approaching crisis in the North; and here speculation is as wide, and misrepresentation as studied, as it appears to be on any other subject. The Morning Post tells us, things go on bravely in the north! and that the prudence of Alexander! and the persevering advance of Buonaparte into a country opposing so many obstacles to the march of a large army! are traits of the greatest promise in the present war, which, continued in, must ultimately

prove abortive to the scheme of the invader! They tell us that Buonaparte is almost without resources! that in ten days he will not have a day's provision for his army! that in every skirmish his losses are considerable! that the people are like the people in Spain *en masse* against him! and that he will never get back again to France!!! That our *generous* ally the Crown Prince of Sweden, whom we ought in gratitude to liberally *subsidize*, will send a large force in his rear, and cut off his retreat, &c. &c. &c. &c.

The Morning Chronicle, on the other hand, gives us a melancholy picture of this northern war, and some of its arguments carry weight. It says, there is nothing to be hoped from the war in the north; the people of Russia like the other nations on the continent, tired of the joke of slavery, are content to change it, they take no part or interest in the struggle; it holds out to us the prospect of the Emperor of Russia losing his dominions, or of his being shut up in the most northerly quarter of his territory! that we can put very little faith in the Crown Prince of Sweden! who he tells us was one of Buonaparte's generals! General Bernadotte!!! Is this possible, Sir, is the Crown Prince of Sweden, General Bernadotte? if so, is he not a traitor to the master who elevated him from obscurity!!! And what confidence can we place in that man who we find can *ungratefully* betray the trust of his friend! though a tyrant! I must here tell you, Sir, our reading society have great doubts of this gentleman's virtue.

The Morning Herald jumbles the names of Bernadotte, Crown Prince, Alexander, Buonaparte, Lord Cathcart—generous ally—implacable enemy, &c. &c.—in so confused a manner, that at times it absolutely mistakes one for the other; the paper appears to be in its dotage, and is made up of all the garrulity of old age! It possesses one invariable feature, that in all its verbosity, there is not sufficient *meaning* in it to *harm* the cause.

The Times echoes some part of the Chronicle, but indulges in, with the rich varieties of a civic feast, the

meetings of the common-council and marrow puddings; their dissentions and lively turtle! Waithman's eloquence and Birch's *puffs*!

The Sunday Papers contain mere transcripts of the Daily Journals, but in a garbled state and more seriously misleading. In this dilemma can you, Sir, help us to some better channel of information, at least that we may not be so embarrassed by contradiction; is there such a thing as an *impartial print?* If so, you will be conferring on our society a lasting obligation by pointing it out.

Yours, &c.

PUDDINGFIELD.

OFFICIAL BRUTALITY.

AT the approach of a general election, it becomes the duty of every man to scrutinize the characters and retrace the actions of men in office, and to struggle with the utmost activity and vigilance for the exclusion from the legislative body of every individual who may have defrauded, insulted, or injured the people, to whose suffrages they now have the self-confidence to appeal. The projectors of numerous expeditions, the advisers of unconstitutional attacks on the liberty of the subject, the supporters of profuse and profligate expenditure, and the wretches who, under the name of peculation, have indulged with safety in the commission of crimes, for which a common rogue would have been brought to the gallows, should all be taught on the present occasion to feel the force of popular opinion; and to confess that the English people will not be injured or insulted with impunity.

It affords a curious subject of speculation to witness at an election, the assumed humility of the ministers, or

servants of the ministers, who a few weeks ago would have looked with a supercilious sneer on the most respectable attendant at a government office. The suppliant bow, the expecting attitude, and the half concealed, half expressed impatience, are now transferred from the tradesman, or the merchant, to the courtier; but it is to be hoped, even the meanest peasant will not be satisfied with a temporary triumph, but will manfully resolve to preclude the present race of courtiers and of peculators from resuming their stiffness and their insolence at the commencement of another session.

How well this retaliation would be deserved by some of those individuals who are now soliciting for themselves or for their friends, the suffrage of the people, I shall exemplify, in the instance of Mr.—— the S—— of the Navy Pay Office. This gentleman is in the habit not only of receiving with an ungracious manner, and with much of the insolence of office, respectable applicants on *public business*, but of striking and kicking, almost every visitor who may be too proud in his opinion to bring an action for an assault, or too feeble to retort his virulence. Strange as this relation may appear, it can be justified by *facts*, of which I shall only select *one* for the information of the public. A seaman on board one of his Majesty's vessels, left his share of prize money, &c. at his death, to a female relation, and to a brother sailor jointly. The latter, accompanied by a friend, attended at the Navy Office to enquire after the woman, and to determine in what manner they should proceed. To the first question put by the applicants Mr. ——— gruffly replied "you must find the woman!" The sailor was about to reply to this answer, by asking him where she might be found, when Mr.——— without any preliminary observations, seized the poor fellow by the collar, struck him several blows and thrust him out of the office; having performed this exploit, he turned round to the companion, and was about to treat him in the same manner, but the latter, aware that he had no right to be there, made the

best of his way down stairs, resolved to qualify himself as an agent, for an official call on the —— of the ——. As for the sailor he knew the consequences of offending the board, and suffered his disgrace in silence. That the brutality of this man may be soon corrected is the fervent wish of

Sir, yours respectfully,

AN OBSERVER.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor *hospes.*

WITH the present season has commenced a new era in the history of theatricals. Drury Lane, Phœnix-like has arisen in a most surprizing manner from its ashes, and though externally a plain structure, internally with additional splendour and accommodation. All the entrances are spacious, affording a facility of ingress and egress, fully answerable to guarding against accident by fire or any other means; those to the boxes areparticularly spacious and elegant, and the different saloons and rooms appropriated to the reception of the box company, while they are finished in the most classical and superior manner, are capable of containing the whole contents of crowded boxes. The stone stairs are supported by immense iron bridges butted in the brick work, and in contemplating their strength we may fairly apply it to the rest of the building, which for solidity cannot be excelled. The audience part of the house, on being viewed from the stage, presents a compleat half circle, to every part of which the stage cannot but be clearly visible; it appears to be larger than Covent Garden, but it is calcu-

lated to contain less in its receipts than the latter theatre, by 30*l*. The depth of stage we understand is several feet greater than that of any other in Europe, and is equal to any spectacle pedestrian or *equestrian*. On the 17th, the theatre was lighted up, by order of the committee, that the effect of the whole might be seen—when it exhibited a splendour unrivalled—classic—but perhaps a little too gaudy. The appearance of the stage with two superb columns instead of stage doors is novel indeed—unique, and the drop scene by far the most beautiful thing we have seen. After the company had been gratified by surveying the house—a succession of the most interesting scenery was exhibited from the pencil of Mr. Greenwood and assistants, and which was loud and rapturously received; the company after having been gratified with all that taste could desire, or excellence execute, departed—warm in the praise of the new theatre, and sanguine to its success. On the 10th of this month will its campaign commence, and the old favourites of the town make their bow to the public—the play is to be, according to report, —"the School for Scandal" in compliment to the late proprietor Mr. Sheridan, and among the first novelties we understand will be a romantic drama, or rather opera, from the pen of Mr. Skeffington—Mr. Arnold, it is said, has a play forthcoming—and even Mr. Sheridan, it is rumoured, has not been *idle;* but the latter is so very *improbable*, that we attach no credit to the report. We have been informed that the number of addresses for the opening of the theatre, sent in to the committee, amount to one hundred and sixty-eight!!!

Covent Garden.—This theatre opened, according to promise, on the 7th, and commenced a season not very prosperous at the opening, and probably at its close the accounts may not wind up thoroughly satisfactory. John Kemble is gone to delight and astonish the provincials; and the *elephant* is upon his theatrical tour—delighting and astonishing at the country wakes and fairs —their places are occupied on the London boards by

Messrs. Young and C. Kemble; and we are not wholly displeased with the substitutes. We welcomed our old favourite, Incledon, in Macheath, who appears to be in full song, and his notes rich and powerful as we ever remember. The new Polly (Mrs. Stirling) we cannot say much for—she is certainly improved since she has changed her names of Dixon and Smith, under which we remember her. A Mr. Abbot and Miss Marriott, from Bath, have been ushered to the town in the characters of Florian and Eugenia, in Dimond's wretched play of the "Foundling of the Forest," in which nature is out-natured! horror out-horrored! Miss Marriott certainly possesses some claims to consideration, and has very fair pretensions to move in the second walk of tragedy—but for Elvira, Isabella, &c. she is by no means equal to the characters; she wants judgment, the eloquence of countenance, as well as voice and dignity altogether. Mr. Abbot must be a child of Mr. Dimond's own manufacture—an ephemera of romance—the whining, sighing offspring of a band-box. He feels without speaking, and speaks without feeling—he studies a shoe-bow to a nicety, and ties up his hair with the hand of a master-hairdresser; this done, he looks, he leers, he pants, he sighs, he weeps, he laughs, he walks on, he walks off, and if this be acting Mr. Abbot is excellent.

Sept. 21.—King Richard the Third—Richard by Mr. C. Kemble. We barely mention this performance in commiseration for an actor whom we have often seen with pleasure, and who in a certain line of drama is excellent. We presume it was only an attempt—under those circumstances we are silent; should it be repeated, we cannot withhold our strictures, and we shall regret the necessity.

The burletta of Midas has been revived for the purpose of introducing a Mrs. Sterling, in the character of Daphne. From the decided manner in which the theatrical critic of the Times, expressed his disapprobation of this lady's efforts, we had expected to witness the ex-

ertions of a female equally destitute of merit as a singer and an actress. We were agreeably disappointed. In the former of these characters, indeed, she does not exhibit the sweetness of a Liston, or the pathos of a Mountain, or the grandeur of a Catalani; but her intonation is distinct, her voice powerful, and her science respectable. In parts that require the plain and unaffected delivery of simple melodies she promises to be a considerable accession to the theatre; and as an actress she is agile, lively, and unembarrassed; with a pleasing face, and a fair degree of self-possession.

It was impossible to witness the performance of Sinclair in Apollo, without being struck with the improvement in his manner and his action. He treads the stage with manly confidence, and no longer looks "like a school boy about to be flogged, or an attorney's clerk in search of an engagement." He is a very tolerable lover, and a little attention to his dancing and fencing masters, with careful observation of the circles, into which his eminence as a vocal performer must introduce him, may enable him to personate the easy gentleman.

We have been sorry on many occasions to witness the cruel and illiberal conduct of the party in the pit towards Mr. Claremont. Nobody can mistake that gentleman for a first-rate actor, but he is certainly on a level with the other performers to whom subordinate characters are committed. Nor if he were the worst actor in existence, would it justify his enemies in exciting a loud and general hiss before he has uttered a syllable, or exhibited an attitude. The expressions of dislike, within the walls of a theatre, are equally hateful and unmanly.

The HAYMARKET very respectably pursues its journey to the close of a profitable season, which we shall have to announce in our next. We are glad to see the name of Mr. Terry amongst the list of engagements for New Drury.

The LYCEUM.—Jack and Jill has given place to the

[illegible]ite Cat an[illegible] [illegible]iece called "a Lawyer in a Sack!" a[illegible] [illegible] new opera transplanted from the s[illegible] [illegible], called the "Spanish Patriots, a thousand years ago." A *clap trap*, aided by all that scenery, dresses and decorations could do for it, and by some very pretty music by Sir John Stevenson, a Knight dubbed by the Lord Lieutenant.

The piece was first produced at Harry Johnson's Theatre, Dublin. The story is founded on incidents derived from Spanish history, as connected with the Moors. And these incidents are made subservient to present times and events in the Peninsula. Thus *Pelagio* is transformed to Ferdinand VII. *Don Alonzo* to Lord Wellington, *Don Guzman* to the Prince of Peace, and the invading *Moor* or *Saracen* to the tyrant Buonaparte, and plentifully is he bespattered with the appellation of "*Inhuman Despot*," "*Merciless invaders*," "*Tyrant whose open enmity is less to be dreaded than his hollow friendship*," &c. &c. These epithets of course draw down the galleries' *thunder*, and this noisy war of their hands, shoes, boots and brazen throats is set down for applause!!!

From the Summer Theatres it would be unreasonable to expect, the exhibition of classical taste, or legitimate elegance. Yet we know not whether the equestrian spectacles of Astley's Amphitheatre, and the burlettas produced by Mr. Elliston, be not as conducive to the interests of taste and virtue as the *diablerie* of Louis, and the nonsense of Dimond. At the former of these theatres the evolutions of the horsemen, and the testimonials to British valour, display at once the liberality and the patriotism of Mr. Astley. At the latter the united talents of Elliston, Russel, De Camp, Mrs. Edwin, and Miss Phillips, have been equally gratifying to the public, and beneficial to the manager. On the performances of Miss Mudie, we had intended to descant at considerable length, but the pressure of more important engagements has precluded the possibility of fulfilling our intentions.

common frie...

If we may believe the testimony ... she is an actress of considerable ... e vivacity of youth, ... r years. As she was unjustly and partially received on her first appearance at the Winter Theatre, and the present has been only a confined and desultory effort, we hope that the same indulgence that has been shewn to Mr. Betty by the provincial theatres, will be vouchsafed to Miss Mudie on her appearance in a future season.

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The COURT of LO or an ELECTION in th ISLAND of BORNEO.

G. Cruikshank fecit